WATCH NEXT WEEK'S LEDGER FOR "BORN IN MYSTERY," A GREAT SERIAL

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXXI, NO. 41. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1903. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

THE SIN OF THE FATHER;

Or, A FATAL MARRIAGE.

By Thomas P. Montfort.

(Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.)

CHAPTER I.

JOHN BLACKMORE.

John Blackmore was a widower with one child—a son. He lived in Mobile and belonged to one of the proudest and wealthiest families of the old aristocratic South.

A year after the death of Mrs. Blackmore John went to New Orleans on a matter of business. It was understood that he was to be absent but a few days, yet six months passed before he returned. Even then he remained at home but two weeks, going back again to New Orleans. For a year and a half he spent the greater part of his time in the latter city. Then he came home to stay.

One night shortly after his last visit to New Orleans a baby was left on the front steps of John Blackmore's home. He himself found the baby and carried it to his own room. There, safe from prying eyes, he unwrapped it, and, after gazing long at the little face with a yearning tenderness, bent down and kissed it. There was a moisture in his eyes when he raised his head, and in solemn, trembling tones he whispered:

"May God forgive me and let not this little one suffer for my great sin."

For a long time John Blackmore paced to and fro across the room, his head bent and his hands crossed behind him. He was greatly disturbed and it seemed that the shadow of a heavy sorrow had settled down about him.

After a while he stopped in front of the baby and gazed down at it long and earnestly. Then at last turning away he murmured:

"It is so like, so like."

Presently he rang for his housekeeper, and when she came he said:

"Somebody left a baby on my steps, Hester, and I found it and brought it to my room. I want you to care for it."

Old Hester had been in the Blackmore home for years, and she had almost raised John. There was no service he could require of her that she would not willingly undertake.

"A baby on your steps!" she exclaimed. "And you took it in?"

"Yes," he answered, "it is in my room."

"For gracious sake! Whose baby is it, and how did it get there?"

"How do I know?" John replied, shortly. "Don't stop to ask questions, Hester," he added, more gently, "but take the baby away and care for it."

Hester took the baby in her arms and started from the room, but at the door she stopped to say:

"You will give instructions tomorrow, I presume, about sending her away?"

"No," he answered. "She is not to be sent away."

Hester was astonished.

"Surely," she said, "you do not mean to keep her for good?"

"I do. You care for her and you shall be well paid for your trouble."

Hester went out and again John Blackmore fell to pacing the room. For an hour he kept this up, his face a picture of sad thoughtfulness and his eyes dim with tears. Then throwing himself into a chair by the fire, he took from his pocket a picture, at which he looked long and earnestly.

"It is so like, so like," he said again, with a deep sigh. "May God forgive me the sin I have committed and let not that little one suffer for it."

The next morning John Blackmore led his little son to the room where the baby lay. With more feeling than the event seemed to warrant he said:

"Walter, this is your little sister. You must learn to love her and treat her kindly, and at all times you must remember that she is to you a sister. Hester," he said, turning to her, "always impress it on the minds of both of these little ones that they are as sister and brother."

"Very well," Hester replied. "I'll bear that in mind. But if the baby is to stay would it not be well to give her a name?"

"Yes; call her Armina."

Hester stood for a little while looking after him as he walked down the hall and out to the street. Then shaking her head dubiously, she mused:

"I wonder what has ever come over John Blackmore. It is the most astonishing thing in the world that he should keep this baby and that he should take so much interest in her and be so anxious that she and Walter should be as brother and sister. I can not understand it. I can not, indeed."

If Hester had known all of John Blackmore's past life she would have had no cause to marvel at his conduct. But she did not know.

Twelve years passed away.

Walter had grown into a fine manly lad of eighteen, and Armina was a beautiful blooming girl of fourteen. The two were as fond of each other as ever a brother and sister could be, and in that respect John Blackmore certainly had his wish gratified. Yet it was plain that he was not altogether pleased.

As he saw the young people together and noted how fond they were of each other a new feeling of fear and dread took possession of him. He began to wish that there was a less warm attachment between them. He felt, he feared, that there was the promise of more than a brother and sisterly love.

"Great God!" he cried, in his heart. "If there should be! If there should be!"

Walter was to be sent away to Baltimore to school and kept there for three years. He did not return home during that time, though he longed to do so. It was his father's wish that he should not, and he obeyed.

So three years passed with Walter and Armina far apart in the flesh, but, alas for John Blackmore, near together in thought and spirit.

During the last year of Walter's stay in Baltimore his father visited him frequently, and at every visit John Blackmore did all in his power to force his son into society. He introduced him into the best families and threw him among pretty and accomplished young ladies. Never was a designing mother more persistent and artful in her efforts to bring about a love match than was John Blackmore. He left nothing undone to cause Walter to fall in love with some one in Baltimore.

But all his efforts were in vain. Walter did not, would not, fall in love.

It was not with Walter alone that John Blackmore tried his hand at matchmaking. He did the same with Armina. Notwithstanding her age he did all in his power to induce her to fall in love with some one of the young men of her acquaintance.

But here again he failed. Like Walter, Armina remained free.

Then Walter came home. John Blackmore watched closely the meeting between his son and Armina. In that meeting he saw something which made his heart sink and increased his fear and dread into something akin to despair. One less observant than he would have easily seen that the young couple were linked in a bond of love far deeper and stronger than that which binds a brother and sister.

John Blackmore saw and understood it all and that night he paced his room for hours.

"My God!" he cried, "is there no help for me—no way of averting this awful calamity? Is there no forgiveness for my sin? No mercy in Heaven for those who must suffer for the wrongs of another? Oh, God! how great is my punishment! How almost greater than I can bear!"

John Blackmore did not sleep that night, but all through the long, quiet hours he sat there before the fire thinking, thinking, thinking. The fire burned out, smouldered and died, and the room grew cold, but he knew nothing of it. All night long he remained there, dead to his surroundings, with his face buried in his hands, and his eyes staring blankly at the floor.

At last the cold, gray dawn stole stealthily across the world and crept in through the windows of his room. Soon there was a stir in the apartments below, and he awakened from his bitter thoughts and arose from his seat, cold, haggard and sick at heart. The dark room and the empty hearth with its dead ashes, were not more desolate and cheerless than his own soul.

Out of his thoughts John Blackmore had formed a plan which gave him a little hope. It was not much, but drowning men catch at straws, and he was in a sense a drowning man.

That day he called Walter to his room and handed him a check for a large sum of money.

"Walter," he said, "I want you to see something of the world before you settle down in life, and I have decided to send you on a trip to Europe. Make your preparations to start within ten days, and go to remain two years."

Walter was astonished.

"Why, father," he cried, "I never dreamed of anything like that. What does it mean?"

"Nothing," John Blackmore answered. "I have said I want you to see something of the world and that is enough."

Walter was inclined to object to the proposed trip. He felt that he could not again give up Armina for so long a time. But she persuaded him to go, and at last he consented.

The evening before he went he and Armina stood together in the shadow of a tree on the lawn. John Blackmore saw them, and standing in a place of concealment overheard a part of their conversation. He heard them pledge undying love for each other, and he saw Walter slip a ring on Armina's finger. He waited to see nor hear any more, but turned away, pale as death, murmuring:

She read one line, then dropped to the floor.

"My God! If I had only known! If I had only known!"

CHAPTER II.

THE FRUIT OF THE SIN.

No sooner was Walter gone than John Blackmore renewed his efforts to form a match for Armina. He spared no pains and no expense to place her in society, and on every possible occasion he surrounded her with the gayest of young company. His whole aim seemed to be centered in the one purpose of getting her to fall in love and marry. Armina was not only beautiful in feature and form, but she was lovely in disposition and it was not long before she had an army of worshipers at her feet. She was fond of attentions, too, as any sensible girl is, and she made the most of society. She danced, rode and chatted with her admirers, but she was never serious with any of them. She showed no preference for any one in particular.

The keen, ever-watchful eye of John Blackmore saw that, and as the months ran away, and the second year of Walter's absence drew to a close, he gave up all hope of weaning Armina's affections from his son. She had promised Walter to be true to him, and she had kept her promise. There was one source of hope yet left, however, and Blackmore made the most of it. Walter, perhaps, had not been so faithful as Armina. John Blackmore knew enough of the world to understand that a man's love does not last like that of a woman's, and he hoped that the two years of separation had worked a change in Walter's sentiments. But, alas, even that thread of consolation was destined soon to be broken.

Walter came back promptly at the end of two years. His father sent him more money and urged him to stay longer; but he refused to do so. He had seen quite enough of Europe and longed to be at home. It did not take John Blackmore a great while after Walter's return to discover that his precautions had all been in vain. The separation had only strengthened and deepened the attachment the two young people had for each other.

One evening shortly after Walter's return John Blackmore sat alone in his room busily pondering the question that was always uppermost in his thoughts. What should he do to overcome the love that Walter and Armina had for each other? He had pondered that question for days, and even for years, and he had done all that lay in his power. All before him, as he sat there that evening, was dark. There was not a single ray of light to guide him.

There was a tap on his door. He aroused himself and answered it, and directly Walter came in. Intuitively John Blackmore realized what his son had come to say to him, and his heart sank within him, and he shrank back as if from a great plague.

"Father," Walter said, "can I have a few words with you tonight?"

"Yes," Blackmore answered, strengthening himself by asserting his great will power. "Speak on."

"It is not much I have to say, father," Walter continued. "It is only that Armina and I wish to become husband and wife."

John Blackmore fell back in his chair as though he had been struck a heavy blow from a strong arm. His face became as pale as death and for an instant his heart ceased its beating. Walter was looking down at the floor and his father's agitation escaped his notice. After a short pause he continued:

"We love each other dearly, father, and for more than two years we have been engaged. All we want now is your consent and blessing, and I am sure you will give it."

John Blackmore sat for a little while holding his hand to his throbbing head, and staring vacantly straight out before him. It was almost a minute before he spoke, and then in a hoarse, strangely altered voice he cried:

"My son, this is a terrible blow."

Walter looked at his father in wonder. His words and his manner puzzled him and he knew not what to make of them.

"Father," he said, "what do you mean?"

With a mighty effort John Blackmore recovered himself to a reasonable extent, and steadying his voice as well as he could, he replied:

"Walter, you and Armina can never marry. You must not think of such a thing, for I tell you it can never be."

"Why, father?" Walter asked.

"I can not tell you why, my son," Blackmore replied. "I say you can not marry, and I have good reasons for saying so, and that is enough."

"But, father, you surely can have no good reason for forbidding our marriage. You can have no fault to find with Armina, for she is worthy to be the wife of any one."

"No, no; it is not that. Armina is pure, noble and good. I see no fault in her."

"Perhaps, then, you think I am not worthy of her?"

"No; it is not that, either. Do not try to divine my motive for objecting to the marriage, Walter. You can never know. Rest assured that whatever I say or do is for the good of you two, whom I love better than myself. Give up all thought of marrying Armina, and learn to love another. For my sake, Walter, do as I say without question."

There was a short silence, during which the father and son looked into each other's eyes. The former's face was pale and drawn until it was almost pitiful, while that of the latter showed a mixture of astonishment, tenderness and fineness. At last Walter broke the pause.

"Father," he said, with a quiet earnestness, "in all things I have ever obeyed you, submitting to your will without question. I remained away at school because you wished it, though I could not understand why I should be debarred from visiting at home. I went abroad and remained there according to your instructions and without questioning your motive. I have always obeyed you implicitly and unhesitatingly, and in anything else I would yet, but I can not give up the woman I love, even to please you. In that you ask too much, for to give up Armina is to give up all I have in life worth living for."

John Blackmore listened attentively to his son's words, his features growing more and more blanched and agitated the while, but when Walter ceased speaking he offered no reply, and after a short pause Walter went on:

"You can not expect me to give up Armina," he said, "except for the very best reason, and I can not understand how you can have any reason for demanding such a sacrifice of me."

"My son," John Blackmore replied, in husky, impressive tones, "I have the best reason in the world for saying that this marriage can never take place. I tell you again and again that you and Armina can never become husband and wife. Remember, I do not say you must not, or you shall not, but I say you can not. You must accept my words as final and abandon all thoughts of this marriage."

"Before I do that, father," Walter answered, "I must know your purpose in demanding it. I will not give up Armina unless I know that there is an insurmountable obstacle in the way of our marriage."

"There is, Walter," John Blackmore hastened to say. "There is an obstacle that can not be surmounted nor removed."

"Then, father, I must know what it is," Walter said, firmly. "If I must renounce my happiness and fondest hopes, and forsake the woman I love, I must know the cause."

"I can not tell you that, Walter. I dare not."

"Then I will not make the sacrifice."

"Not when I tell you it must be done?"

"No, father; I must be my own judge in this matter. I must decide for myself whether the obstacle that separates Armina and myself is insurmountable, and to do that I must know what the obstacle is."

"My son, I can not tell you that."

"Then you must not ask me to make this great sacrifice. I will not make it unless I know for what reason I do it."

John Blackmore saw no room for a doubt of his son's earnestness. Walter's mind was made up and no amount of persuasion would change it. He had done all he could do, he had exhausted all his resources, to prevent this proposed marriage, and yet he had accomplished nothing. The last ray of hope died out of his heart and his long-cherished fear was realized.

"Walter," he said, after a long pause, "come here again in an hour. I must think of this matter alone before I say more. Come in an hour and I will give you an answer."

"Very well, father," Walter replied, leaving the room.

For a long time after Walter went out John Blackmore paced the floor as he had paced it that night when Armina first came into his house, and as he had paced it often since. His head was bowed under the weight of a great sorrow, and over and over again he cried in silent anguish:

"Oh, my God! how bitterly am I punished for my sin, and how heavily has it fallen on those who are innocent!"

At last a resolution formed itself in his mind, and though at first he shrank from it, he finally adopted it, and with set teeth and rigid features, he said:

"I'll do it. It is all that is left to me, and I must do it."

After that he became more calm and going to a drawer he took out a small pistol and examined it closely. He saw that it was properly loaded, then replaced it in the drawer, at the same time saying:

"It will do."

He set down before the fire and was sitting there perfectly quiet and self-possessed when Walter reentered the room. He looked up with a smile and said:

"I will explain everything, Walter, but not tonight. I must have a little more time. Come here tomorrow morning early and then you will learn all."

"Very well, father," Walter replied. "Good night."

"Good night, my son," John Blackmore said, rising and extending his hand. "When you know all, Walter," he continued, after a short silence, "be as charitable toward me as you can, and remember that, although I did a great wrong, I have suffered for it. Good night, my boy, and God bless both you and Armina."

John Blackmore's words and manner were so strange that Walter was deeply impressed by them and he stopped at the door and fixed his eyes on his father inquiringly. He hesitated to leave the room, and was about to make some remark, but Blackmore smilingly waved his hand, and in a careless, free manner again bade his son good night. Walter turned away perfectly reassured, and soon forgot his father's strange behavior in a medley of thought connected with himself and Armina.

John Blackmore brought pen and paper when he was alone, and for a long time he wrote busily. When he had finished writing he read the paper over carefully, nodded his approval of what it contained, placed it in an envelope and sealed and addressed it. Then he arose and went to the drawer and took out the pistol and for a long while stood silently turning it in his hand and looking at it as though he were examining it closely. After a time a cold chill ran over him, causing him to shudder as if a cold blast had struck him.

"Oh, God!" he moaned at last, "how little I thought it would ever come to this! How little I dreamed that a sin committed in a thoughtless moment would haunt me to death!"

Then he drew a long sigh and shook convulsively.

"But so it is," he added. "This is the end and there is no escaping it. May God have mercy on my soul!"

CHAPTER III.

HIS OWN SISTER.

John Blackmore hesitated for an instant, then, with grim determination, placed the muzzle of the pistol to his temple and with a steady finger pulled the trigger. There was a sharp report, a little puff of smoke and the blotting out of a human life. John Blackmore had paid a bitter penalty for his sin.

Walter had been walking restlessly up and down in his room, which was near his father's, and he heard the report of this pistol. Alarmed and full of fear he hastened across to his father's room and entered. On the floor lay the prostrate form and he hastened to it. He lifted the head, saw the death stamp on the dear face, and stood for an instant stupefied and horror-stricken. Presently he recovered sufficient presence of mind to raise an alarm, and directly Hester and Armina came.

In the first flow of grief no one saw the letter John Blackmore had written, but after a time Armina noticed it. It was addressed to Walter, but she took it up and mechanically opened it. In the excitement of the moment she perhaps did not notice what she was doing. She drew the paper from the envelope and began to read it. She read one line, then with a piercing shriek dropped to the floor as if she had received a shot in her heart. She was unconscious.

Walter went to her and took the paper from her hand and read it. As he proceeded his face became white and drawn, and ever and anon a groan of anguish escaped him. He would not have suffered more had he suddenly and unexpectedly been called upon to read his own death warrant. He read it through to the end, leaning on the mantel for support, and when he had finished it he sank into a seat, and placing his hands to his head, moaned:

"My God! my God! this is more than I can bear."

Hester finally got Armina from the room and to bed, and at once summoned a doctor to attend her. Walter did not move until some neighbors came in, then, in a dazed, half conscious state, he groped his way to his own room, where he threw himself down on the floor, and clutching the carpet, writhed and moaned in the bitterest mental agony. Over and over again he prayed and begged pleadingly, piteously for death.

All night he lay there, and when the cold gray dawn stole into the room it showed his face haggard and aged and his eyes red and lusterless. He had suffered the tortures of a thousand deaths, and was yet suffering and must continue to suffer for days, weeks, months and years. A terrible blight had fallen on him and it had seared him deeply both inwardly and outwardly.

After a while he arose, and seating himself at the window where the cool morning breezes blew on his hot, throbbing brow, he opened the paper John Blackmore had left, and again he read it through. It was as follows:

"My beloved son Walter: You can not marry Armina, for she is your sister and my daughter. I am her father, not by adoption, but by blood relation. I realize that in making this confession every stroke of my pen is like a dagger stab at your heart, but I have no choice except to speak out. It is a duty that I would give the world, were it mine, to avoid.

"After your mother's death I went to New Orleans on business and while there I met a beautiful young girl whose name was Armina. She was of Creole extraction, but a more lovely and accomplished woman I never saw. From the first time I met her I loved her, and she returned the sentiment. We soon became so strongly attached to each other that we could scarcely live apart, and every day we spent hours in each other's company. She expected that I would marry her, and notwithstanding her doubtful origin I seriously contemplated taking that step. In fact, I had fully decided to make her my wife, and one evening went to her house to make my decision known to her, when a thing happened that completely changed my intentions.

"She was more beautiful that evening than I had ever known her to be. Her rich, rosy complexion was set off to perfection by her soft, warm dress, which fitted her so well that it showed the faultless symmetry of her form. Her fine eyes sparkled with a soft brilliancy and a blush dyed her cheeks and neck. She was exquisite in her beauty, and her manner was just negligent enough to enthrall and entrance me.

"As I looked upon her a dark thought entered my mind, and I was too weak and impure to resist it. I advanced and took her in my arms and pressed her to me, raining kisses on her warm lips. She submitted quietly to my advances, and when I went further she yielded without an effort. Her nature was warm, and with her love was a passion. In giving her heart to me she gave everything. She rested in my arms passive and docile, offering no opposition to my will.

"That night when I left her room Armina was no longer the pure, perfect woman she was when I entered; and I no longer entertained a thought of marrying her. Yet I loved her too well to give her up, and from that day she became my mistress.

"For eighteen months she and I lived together, and during that time I never left her for a single day except on the occasions when I found it necessary to return home on short visits. At the end of a year and a half she took sick and died, leaving a child. After a time I had the child secretly conveyed to this house and left on the steps. You know the rest. That child is Armina.

"After making this confession, and realizing as I do the extent of my sin, I do not feel that I could bear to meet you and Armina again, so tonight I shall blot out my life. For years my existence has been almost unbearable, for from the first I have had an intuition of what the end would be. I wanted to atone for my sin, so far as I could, by kindness to the child, and I took her and reared her as gently as any parent might. Yet from the first I feared for the result. Something told me you two would become lovers. I took every precaution to prevent such a thing, but all my efforts have proven vain. The worst has come to pass, and any way I turn there is nothing but blank darkness and utter hopelessness before me.

"My son, think of my crime with all the charitableness you can, and while you must blame me, make your blame as light as possible. I have sinned deeply, but no one save God and myself knows how I have been punished. If you only knew how truly and how sincerely I have repented I believe you would pity rather than condemn me."

Walter let the paper fall from his hand and for a long time sat there in the same rigid attitude staring vacantly at nothing. There was a great stir in the rooms below, for the news of the terrible tragedy had spread, and many people were coming and going, yet Walter was unconscious of it all. He neither saw, heard or knew anything that was going on about him. He was not in the house, not in his own body, any more than are the dead. His mind—the consciousness and living spark—was absent from him as much as if life itself was gone.

One hour, two hours he sat there immovable, staring straight before him, his face white and cold like marble, his lips drawn and pinched, and his eyes hollow and lusterless. But at last his mind came back to him, and rising, he leaned heavily against the window with his hand pressed tightly to his head.

"My God!" he cried, and his voice startled him, it was so strange, "Armina is my sister—my own sister—daughter of my father! And yet she is my wife. My lawfully wedded wife. Great God! What am I to do?"

CHAPTER IV.

WALTER BLACKMORE'S GRIEF.

Every day people meet with sorrows. There are few, aye, none who escape them. We all have them—great, crushing sorrows that come upon us to sear and blast our fondest hopes and to lay our happiness at our feet in a mangled, shapeless mass. Death comes in an unexpected moment to rob us of the one we cherish above all things of God's creation. Without warning we suddenly awake to find a knowledge of the fact that the one in whom we have placed the most implicit trust—the one whose honor and virtue we have held beyond question and whose purity we have likened to nothing short of God's angels—has proven weak and erring, and has grossly, wantonly betrayed our confidence. Every day, every hour, people are rudely awakened from their fond dreams of peace and security by the cruel blows of misfortune which come like blasts of lightning, to shatter their hopes and lay waste the proud, beautiful edifice we call happiness. Every day the poison ladened sirocco sweeps over the green, sunlighted land, blighting and desolating thousands of lives that but a moment before were wrapped in the serenity of almost perfect bliss.

Always, always the great scourge of disappointment and sorrow is abroad in the world. Always and ever the beautiful castles we erect, when the sun shines, are swept down and away by the storm that comes so quickly after our work is done. Our little joys and pleasures, which we cherish so dearly and hold so close to our hearts, we see them crumble to ashes and blow away and disappear, leaving only a dark vacancy in our lives and our hearts

To Those Not Well

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

On 30 Days' Trial.

For a full month you can use my Restorative, I to take the entire risk. Not a free gift. Neither is it philanthropy. Not something for nothing—just this. I have found a way to cure, even deep seated, difficult, or peculiar diseases. Dr. Shoop's Restorative cures by a new method. It goes direct to the CAUSE of disease—the inside nerves. I am the only physician that treats this way—through these nerves. It is MY discovery, my prescription—Dr. Shoop's Restorative—that does this so surely, is so certain, that I am able to say to the sick, use it a month and see for yourself. That should prove MY confidence. You see, I KNOW what it can do. I take less risk, though, than you would believe.

My past records show that I failed in only one case out of each forty. Just think of that, 39 paid, and paid gladly, and the fortieth had no expense. That is a record I am proud of.

How to Secure Trial Treatment.

Write me and simply ask for the book you need. A postal will do. Then I will arrange with a druggist near you, so that you can secure six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Restorative to make the test. Send me no money. You deal with your druggist, remember. Use the Restorative a full month—then decide. If it succeeds the cost to you is $5.50; if it fails I will have the druggist bill the cost to me. Could anything be more fair?

To delay, means to forget. Write now, while you have it in mind. This is important.

Simply state which book you want and address Dr. Shoop, Box 1502, Racine, Wis.

Book 1 on Dyspepsia
Book 2 on the Heart
Book 3 on the Kidneys
Book 4 for women
Book 5 for Men (sealed)
Book 6 on Rheumatism.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured with one or two bottles. At druggists.

FREE

A WONDERFUL SHRUB—CURES

KIDNEY and BLADDER

Diseases, Rheumatism, etc.

Mr. Jno. Will, Route 3, Rural Delivery, Muncie, Ind., a widely known stock dealer and farmer writes Jan. 29th, 1901.

About Christmas 1898 I was examined with a view of taking out Life Insurance. The examining Physician, Secretary of the Board of Health, Delaware Co., Ind., to my surprise refused to pass me, stating that I was on the verge of Diabetes. Not being satisfied I went to my son-in-law, Dr. J. N. Bell, New Burlington, Ind., who after making examination told me that he nor any other Physician could give me medicine that would do me good. I went home sick and discouraged and in three months lost 35 lbs. In the meantime I heard of Alkavis and procured some of it not expecting it to do any good, but felt duty bound to give it a trial. I soon began to improve and after a short time was re-examined by same Physician and he pronouuced me "Sound as a Dollar." Therefore I feel that I owe my life to Alkavis and cannot too highly recommend it.

We have hundreds of other convincing testimonials as to the wonderful curative qualities of Alkavis (the Kava-Kava Compound) from Governors, Mayors, Lawyers, Ministers of the Gospel, Physicians, Bankers, Merchants, Farmers, Mechanics, etc., also from many women who have been relieved of Kidney and Urinary Troubles and other afflictions peculiar to their sex.

That you may test the value of this great discovery we will send you by mail Free, One Large Case and our book of 1000 testimonials, only asking that when cured yourself you will recommend this sure specific to others. Address, The Church Kidney Cure Company, 454 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ache and pain and throb and hurt us almost more than we can bear.

Every one has his griefs and every one of God's creatures who has reached the years of maturity has felt the cold, strong fingers of despair clutched tightly about his throat. But few, very few, have ever known such grief or felt the deathly grip of such despair as had suddenly fallen to Walter Blackmore. His father's death, tragic as it was, was of but a feather's weight in the great burden of grief that bore him down and crushed him. Even Armina's death would have been a trifling source of sorrow in comparison to that which he had experienced; and he loved her, Heaven only knew how much. He loved as men seldom love—loved her with a passion that had madness in it. She had been his joy, his life, his heaven. She had been everything bright and good and pure.

And now she was lost to him. Lost not as if she was lying somewhere cold and still and inanimate, but separated from him in life by the sudden opening of a deep chasm across which neither could ever pass. In the fullness of life and the rich ripeness of love they were torn apart, never to be united again in this world or the next. Better, a thousand times better, if Armina were dead, for now she was more than dead. A thousand times better if she was cold and lifeless, for then there would be no sin in loving her spirit—no crime in cherishing her memory.

He recalled the scores of times he had held her in his arms, pressed close to his heart, while he rained hot kisses on her willing lips. He recalled the many times they had sat with arms entwined about each other, her head resting on his shoulder and his lips meeting hers in long, lingering, passionate kisses. What thrills of blissful pleasure he had known on those occasions! How his soul had expanded and his brain had been intoxicated with an indescribable joy such as a pure, perfect, reciprocated love gives. And yet, she whom he thus loved, and whom he thus held to his heart was his sister.

"Great God!" he cried, starting up, "what an awful sin we have committed! What a terrible crime against the laws of Heaven and earth! But we did not know. We did not know!"

Restlessly he paced the floor, clutching and unclutching his hands, his breath coming thick and fast, as though he longed to do something desperate but was held in restraint by strong bonds that he was powerless to sever. In most sorrows and troubles there is a bright spot in the future to which the weary eyes can turn in hope. But in Walter Blackmore's case there was not a fleck of light anywhere. All about and around him was thick, impenetrable darkness. There was nothing to anchor a hope to—nothing to guide him to the right or the left, and all he could do was to grope about in the dense blackness of despair. He was like one caged within solid walls. He could only grope and beat his head and find no light.

His grief was terrible, his suffering intense, but he was not selfish enough to grieve for himself alone or to think only of his own suffering. However heavy his burden, he was not unmindful of the fact that Armina bore one equally as heavy—yea, a hundred, a thousand times, heavier. He could go away, he could travel, he could roam in unknown and uncivilized lands, and in adventure and hardships and other sufferings he could possibly find some relief from this one great burden. But she! There was nothing of that kind for her to cherish. She must remain there and suffer on silently—there where had occurred all the incidents of their lives—there where they had been so blindly happy in their pure but unlawful love—there where every day, and every hour of the day, she must recall the past and keep fresh in her mind the awful error of their lives.

"But, oh, my God!" he cried, with a fresh burst of despair as he came to a sudden halt and dropped into a seat with his face buried in his hands. "Oh, God!" he continued, "until now I had not thought of the worst. There is that which made our marriage secret longer impossible, and which forced me to go to my father for the purpose of declaring our marriage if the worst came to the worst. There is the fruit of our sin which in a few months will ripen to earth life—an innocent one, capable of no wrong to any living person, yet how bitterly, how bitterly will it curse us. Her child, my child, and she my sister and I her brother! Oh, how terribly is the sin of the father visited on the children."

Then he thought of his father whom he had loved and venerated all his life—whom he had always thought pure and blameless, and who now lay a lifeless mass of flesh and bones in a room down stairs. He thought of his father, but the tenderness and the love he had always felt for him were dead in his heart, and there was no kind feeling for him there any more. He thought only of the crime that father had committed and the results that had followed it, and in his soul he cursed him. Yes, cursed him, and cast him out of his heart as something loathsome and hateful.

Walter remained close in his room until after his father's funeral, refusing to see any one. No one thought strange of him acting so, and they readily ascribed his conduct to the tragic death of his father. That within itself was enough to prostrate the son with grief and it shielded him from the surmises and conjectures that otherwise the curious would have indulged in at his expense.

While he waited in his room he studied day and night, formulating plans for the future, and when at last his father's funeral was over he proceeded at once to put those plans into execution. He called Hester to his room, having determined to tell her all. It would be better for her to know, for upon her he and Armina must both lean for support and aid; and then she could be trusted implicitly. With her their secret would be safe.

"Hester," he said when she entered his room, "close and lock the door. What I have to say to you is important and not for the world would I have other ears than yours hear it. And even you, Hester, trustworthy and honest as you are, must promise me on your honor that you will never whisper one word of what I say. Do you promise??"

"Of course, Walter," Hester replied. "You surely know that I am not the one to tell things that are better kept a secret."

"Yes, yes, I know. But this is important. It is a thing of which not one word or even one hint must ever be breathed."

"It never will be by me, Walter. You can rest assured of that."

"No, I don't think it will," he replied. "I know it won't, or otherwise I would never tell it to you."

There was a pause after that, and for nearly a minute a perfect silence reigned. Hester had brought some knitting with her and she took it up and began to work. Walter buried his face in his hands with his elbows resting on his knees and seemingly had forgotten the old woman's presence. At last, though, he raised his head and looking into Hester's eyes, said:

"Hester, Armina is my wife."

Hester gave a start, dropped her work, and with hands uplifted, sat like one transfixed.

"Walter," she said, finally, "your wife! Armina your wife!"

"Yes; she is my wife. We loved each other dearly, Hester, and when father would not consent for us to marry, I persuaded her to marry me secretly, and two months ago we were married."

Hester was thoughtfully silent for a moment as she mentally digested this piece of information and considered it in all its phases, then laying down her hands on her lap, she at last said:

"Armina and you married! I can hardly believe it, for it is so new and so sudden. And yet," she went on directly, "why not? You and she have as good right to be man and wife as any other couple have."

Walter held up his hand to stop her, but she either did not notice or did not understand, and she continued to speak.

"You are well matched," she said, "and if you sought the world over you could not find a better wife, nor could she find a better husband. You are not related——"

"Hester," Walter cried, "for Heaven's sake stop. Oh, I would to God that those last words of yours were true, but, Heaven help me, Hester, they are not."

"Are not?" Hester repeated.

"They are not. Hester, Armina is my sister. My own sister. My father was her father. He confessed it in the letter we found there that night. My own sister, Hester, and my wife. Only think of it! Oh, Hester, it is terrible to contemplate, and day and night, day and night since I read that letter I have thought of it and of nothing else, and I have suffered all the tortures of hell. I have thought of what we must suffer all our lives because of my father's sin and cowardice; and, Hester, I have cursed him from the bitterest depths of my soul. I cursed him while he was lying there cold and lifeless. I hated him, and I never looked upon his face after I knew what he had done."

Hester held up her hands and stared at Walter with a look of horror. She felt that he was saying terrible things and that she ought to check him, but she was shocked beyond the power of speech and almost beyond the power of thought. The honest old soul had never, in all her quiet, uneventful life, dreamed of such things as had suddenly come upon her. That the Blackmores, honored and revered generations back, should come to this, was a thing that she could not comprehend. John Blackmore a suicide, and his son and daughter man and wife! It was a shocking state of affairs, and in Hester's estimation it was so much the worse from having come about through John Blackmore's sin—through the sin of the man she had loved as a child and fairly worshipped in after years—the man she had placed before her as a model of manhood and the representative of every principle of honor and virtue. She could not realize the truth, and when she heard Walter curse his father she doubted her senses. She was still halting and groping in the darkness that had suddenly settled down about her, when Walter resumed the conversation. He was more quiet now, and calmer, and he spoke with greater reason.

"Hester," he said, "you are the only person I can trust with this secret and to you only can I look for assistance. You have always been true to our family and you have never on a single occasion nor in any particular betrayed any one's confidence. I can rely on you, and I want you to help me now."

"Anything, Walter, that I can do for you," she answered, "I'll do. Only just tell me what service or aid I can render you."

"In the first place, Hester," Walter replied, "I want you to promise to remain with Armina and see that she is protected. I am going away never to return—never to be seen or heard of here again, and in your care I want to leave Armina, and Hester, Hester—oh, God—her child—our child—that is yet to be born!"

This exceedingly dramatic and interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger. Cameras and patterns are still being offered free to all subscribers to the Ledger as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Our New Catalogue is Now Ready

Catalogue No. 72, fresh from the printing presses and containing more goods that are really up-to-date and of the very latest style and design than any other six catalogues published, is now ready for distribution.

It will save you money on everything you buy and enables you to make your selections as readily and satisfactorily as if you could come to Chicago every day. It puts you in direct touch with the great markets of the world and places before you a stock of first-class goods more complete in every detail than has ever before been offered by any firm and at prices that are positively the lowest, when the reliable quality of the merchandise is taken into consideration. This catalogue contains over 1,100 pages of quotations on reliable merchandise of every description. No matter what you may need, you will find the article fully described and illustrated in our great book at a price that no shrewd buyer should overlook.

More than 2,000,000 people sent us orders last year—many of them were your neighbors. They gave us their business simply because we sold them reliable goods for less money than they could buy the same goods for elsewhere and at the end of the year found that they had made an average saving of 25 per cent on their purchases. If your neighbors find it to their advantage to trade with us, why can't you? If you have never traded with us, now is the time to begin. Ordering from a great catalogue is convenient and satisfactory; in the leisure of your own home you can make selection from a mammoth stock of thoroughly reliable merchandise, all quoted at the lowest possible prices.

You can, if you desire, compare prices with those you have been accustomed to pay and you can thus get better results than by making a hasty examination at a local store. You not only have the advantage of your own deliberate judgment but you are protected by the strongest guarantee ever made by any mercantile house, for we extend to all purchasers the privilege of returning goods at our expense if they are not satisfied with their purchases; and, even more, we agree to replace any shipment damaged or lost in transit; in other words, we assume all the responsibility.

In 1872 we originated the catalogue plan of buying and during the thirty-two years of our life have grown steadily each year until our business is now one of the largest in the world. We reached this position by treating people fairly, giving honest value and avoiding all forms of trickery, exaggeration, or misrepresentation. With Catalogue No. 72 in your possession you can buy from us almost as easily as if you visited our store in person, and we cordially invite every person desiring reliable goods at wholesale prices to fill out coupon at the right and send for a copy. The book is new from cover to cover; contains all the new goods of the season; is complete in every department; so there is no better time than the present to send for a copy and begin trading with us if you are satisfied with our prices and goods. The experiment will cost you only 15 cents. It may result in a saving of hundreds of dollars the first year.

Catalogue No. 72 Contains

17,000 pictures of the things that we describe. 70,000 prices on them. The prices are the lowest wholesale prices on the market

Everything

From Farm Machinery to Trowels.
From Wagons to Baby Carriages.
From Team Harness to Buckles.
From Pianos to Mouth Organs.
From Sewing Machines to Needles.
From Power Pumps to Hand Pumps.
From Windmills to Feed Cutters.
From Rifles to Toy Pistols.
From Steel Ranges to Stove Pipe.
From Bath Tubs to Wash Bowls.
From Carpets to Doilies.
From Furniture to Foot Stools.
From Dinner Sets to Vases.
From Hall Clocks to Watches.
From Suits to Hosiery.
From Spring Hats to Shoes.
From New Jackets to Underwear.
Everything that the farmer or mechanic uses—or anybody. All that the housewife uses. Everything for a child. Anything that anybody wears. Almost everything you eat. These 70,000 articles cover about all the wants of humanity.

Send 15 Cents Today

If you want our catalogue, fill out carefully the slip below this and mail to us today, enclosing 15 cents. This catalogue which we offer you costs us about 50 cents to print, even in million lots. The postage on it costs us 26 cents more. We ask you to send us but 15 cents (only about half the postage alone), just to show that you do not send from mere curiosity. This book will save any average family at least $100 per year.

Cut this slip out and send it with 15c in stamps TODAY.

Montgomery Ward & Co., Chicago.

Enclosed find 15 cents for partial postage on Catalogue No. 72, as advertised in Boyce's Blade and Ledger.

Name _____
(Be sure to write very plainly.)

Postoffice _____

County _____ State _____

Be sure to enclose this slip in an envelope.

Montgomery Ward & Co., Michigan Ave. & Madison St. Chicago

Requests are pouring in so rapidly that we suggest you write us at once and get your catalogue promptly. Don't forget the coupon. Cut it out before you mislay the paper.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

He Lost Out.

They had been trotting in double harness for only three short months when the young wife began to work the interrogation point.

"George, dear," she said, "when you proposed to me did you think I would accept?"

"No," replied truthful George, "to be honest about it, I really didn't think you would the first time."

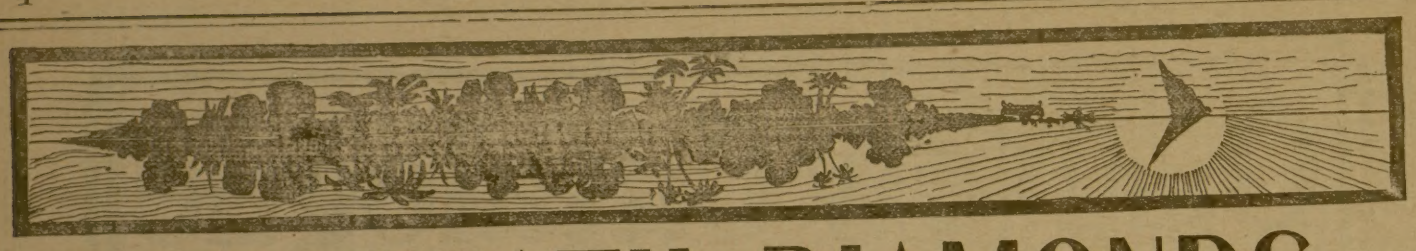
"The second?" queried her ladyship.

"Once was my limit," answered the victim of a mistaken theory.

Naturally.

Mike—How did Casey lose his job as postman?

Pat—He stopped wurrk the first toime he blew his whistle.



THE DEATH DIAMONDS;

or, Mercy Compton's Fate.

By EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

(Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. 36, Sept. 5. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VII.

The days and weeks that followed the return of the Merrills were full of a strange sweetness for me. I did not try to analyze my feelings. I only knew that there was heaven for me in a man's footstep, in the passionate glance of a man's matchless eyes, in the low, tender tones of a man's voice. Oh, my God! with all the horror and agony and tragedy the past holds for me, there is no deeper bitterness than the memory of those few brief weeks of exquisite happiness.

There came a day—ah, it is many long years ago, but the memory of it still has power to quicken the blood in my veins—when he came to me as I sat on the bench under the maple tree, among the roses and the orange blossoms. It was there, according to Mammy, that my poor young father and my mother had "gone to make love." It was there Mammy had found my mother, with me in her arms, after they had brought my father home dead.

It had always been a favorite spot of mine, even in the winter when the flowers were gone and the maple tree was bare and leafless. I liked to picture the handsome boy and beautiful girl who had once sat side by side upon the same bench in all the ecstasy of Love's Young Dream. Then the tears would fill my eyes as I thought of the girl-wife standing white and still among the roses, while her little child crowed and laughed in baby glee as the wind wafted the orange blossoms into the little, upturned face. Of late, however, my thoughts had been more of the love scenes once enacted there in the old corner of the garden.

"Mercy, you grow lovelier every day," Gypsy often said to me, with something of wonder in her great dark eyes as she looked into my face, and the words always brought to me a sense of sweet content. I was glad that I was fair to look upon because he found me so, and the memory of his words, "Yes; Mercy has grown very lovely," had always power to thrill me.

It was a perfect summer afternoon when he came along the path through the garden, his hat in his hand and the sunlight, glancing through the flickering leaves, upon his kingly blonde head.

I wore a pale blue muslin gown and my shoulders and arms were bare. At my belt I wore a cluster of yellow roses.

I watched him with fast beating heart as he drew near, and then I saw that in his eyes which caused my own to fall and my cheeks to flush. He bent over me until his lips almost touched my hair.

"My queen," he whispered.

I sat quite still. In the maple tree, just above my head, a bird had burst suddenly into an outpouring of melody. It was like an echo of the thrilling joy of my own heart.

"Mercy, I love you," he continued. "I love you as I never knew it was possible for me to love. With all the strength of my heart, with all the power of my soul. I am only a man and my life has had its follies, its weaknesses and its transgressions like the lives of other men, but my love for you, Mercy, is the sweetest, the purest and the strongest feeling that my life has ever known or ever can know. I hardly dare to think of what the future will mean to me unless you share it. Child, look up, tell me, do you care for me at all? Mercy, do you love me?"

I did not speak, but I lifted my eyes to his and the next moment his arms were about me and his kisses on my lips. If I could only have died then with my head on his breast and his tender words in my ears, died before the fatal knowledge, that was destined to blight my life, had come to me

After a little while he drew back and looked at me with smiling, radiant eyes.

"Now, tell me that you love me," he said. "I want to hear it from your lips, you white, yellow-haired siren."

"I love you," I murmured. "I think I have always loved you since that day—do you remember?—when you came and found me standing by the window in the drawing room, my mother's wedding day."

A slight shadow fell across the radiance of his face.

"Yes, I remember," he replied. "I was almost startled when I first saw you. In your white gown, with your long, yellow hair falling about you and crowned with white roses, with your fair face and great, pathetic eyes, you were more like something spirituelle than mere flesh and blood. See, sweetheart," touching my hair caressingly, "the orange blossoms have crowned you. Will you be my wife, Mercy, before the orange blossoms have faded?"

And lifting my eyes to those matchless ones, bent so tender and passionately upon me, I answered yes.

After he had left me to return again that evening, I went slowly back to the house. I felt an intense longing to kneel beside my mother's grave and whisper there how happy I was. But my mother was lying in the stately Boston cemetery far enough away.

I passed into the house and up to my own room. I exchanged my gown for a dressing sacque and unbound my hair letting it fall loose about my shoulders. Then I went and stood looking at myself in the glass over the toilet table. The face which looked back at me with the faint touch of wild rose in the cheeks, the radiant gray eyes and the tremulous lips, was strange to me. And as I saw it then never again did it look after that day.

I turned away and sat down by the window. The warm air, weighted with the perfume of roses, lifted the heavy hair from my brow. I sat gazing dreamily out into the loveliness of the mid-summer afternoon. Never before had the sun shone with such a golden light or the odor of the roses seemed so sweet. I little guessed that before another day had passed all that radiant mid-summer beauty would be hateful to me.

Time passed unheeded as I sat there, wrapped in a dream of bliss. Mammy's entrance aroused me. With a little sigh I turned toward her. She held a square, white envelope in her hand.

"Dis am fo' yo', honey," she said.

"Who brought it, Mammy?" I asked.

"One ob de serbants frum ober de way."

I took the envelope from her. I recognized the handwriting at once as Doctor Merrill's, and, with a slight feeling of surprise, I broke the seal.

The letter, or rather note, contained but a few lines. It began abruptly, without any preface:

"Julian Merrill has just told me you have promised to become his wife. Mercy, he and your mother loved each other. She intended to go away with him. The red roses she wore that night were his roses. Ask him why she wore them. Ask him if what I assert is not true. John Merrill."

The hand which held the note dropped heavily to my side and I sat staring straight before me. I saw nothing, however, of my actual surroundings, but instead I saw vividly my mother with her pearly white draperies, the red roses burning upon her breast like a lurid stain, as she moved with the grace peculiar to her down the winding stairway. Then I saw again Julian Merrill, in all his kingly beauty, waiting at the foot of the stairs, his blonde face uplifted, his eyes burning with a curious eagerness, a passionate radiance, as he watched my mother moving toward him.

How long I sat there I do not know. Mammy's voice, the touch of her hand upon my arm aroused me from the chill, dumb apathy in which all my faculties seemed bound.

"Honey, chile, befo' de Lawd! What am de matter wid you? Has you done tuk sick? You sho'ly do look dreffle bad. Speak to yo' ole mammy, honey, and tell her what done ail-ye. What kin ole Mammy do fo' you, li'l' missy?"

The wan semblance of a smile flitted across my lips.

"There is nothing you can do for me, Mammy," I replied, and there was something strange to me in the sound of my own voice.

"War thar somp'n' in the letter what done upset ye, honey?" asked Mammy. "Yo' face done got all white and quar' when you read it."

"Never mind now; please go away," I said, dully; and reluctantly, with one last anxious look into my face, she obeyed.

I was standing by the window in the drawing room when he came to me some hours later, and I watched him, as he passed up the long room as I watched him from the same spot five years before. I was perfectly calm. I felt more like a woman of stone than warm human flesh and blood. The blood that had fairly leaped through my veins, as I stood gazing at myself in the looking-glass, flowed slowly and sluggishly and left me chill and shivering in all the warmth of the summer evening.

I stood perfectly still, my eyes fixed upon his face. It struck me that it wore the same look it had worn that night as he waited at the foot of the stairs for my mother and I shivered a little. I was conscious of a feeling of relief when its radiance and its passionate tenderness changed to something like consternation as he reached my side.

"Mercy, how white and strange you look!" he cried. "What is the matter, my darling? Are you ill?"

He would have drawn me to him, but I stopped him with uplifted hand.

"Please do not attempt to touch me," I said.

He immediately drew back, his face growing grave and troubled.

"Will you tell me what is wrong, dear?" he said, very gently. "Something serious must have occurred since I left you a few hours ago to change you like this. What is it, Mercy?"

I drew Doctor Merrill's note from my bosom and held it out to him.

"Read it, please," I said.

With a look of surprise he obeyed. The change which came upon his face as he rapidly took in the brief contents of the note was sufficient confirmation of its truth. Any faint hope that I might have cherished died as I watched the color fade from brow, cheek and lips, the quiver which passed swiftly over the blanched face.

"My God! Then he knew!" he muttered.

"Yes; he knew," I said.

He gave a great start—for the time he had evidently forgotten my presence—and turned swiftly toward me. In the look he bent upon me there was, for the moment, only a supreme compassion.

"My poor child!" he cried. "How could he be so diabolically cruel as to tell you—this!"

"What else could he do?" I said, in the calm, monotonously changeless voice with which I had spoken throughout the interview. "It would have been greater cruelty had he allowed me to remain in ignorance and to have become your wife."

"What do you mean, Mercy?" he cried, hoarsely. "You will not allow this—this matter to make any difference to us?"

"Do you know me so little, after all, as to fancy that I would marry the man who would have dishonored my mother?" I answered, quietly. "The love you offer to her daughter is an insult."

"Hush!" he cried, sternly. "You do not know what you say. How can I make you understand? If you were less pure and innocent, more a woman of the world, I could do so." He stood gazing at me a moment helplessly, then he continued, "Listen, Mercy; try to understand me. The love I had for your mother was a love more of the senses than of the heart. If you understood man's nature, you would know how it was with me. Her beauty infatuated me, aroused my passion. Child, for God's sake! do not look at me like that. You know nothing of the base part of man's nature, and, therefore, can find no excuse, no palliation. Mercy, I never really loved until I gave my heart, my soul, my happiness, all that life holds of hope, into your keeping. While I love you with all the passion of my nature, I also reverence you above all earthly things. Mercy, you will not ruin both our lives? You will not send me from you to face a future without happiness, without hope? You will not, you cannot be so pitiless, you whose name is Mercy? Does not your own love plead for me?"

"I fancy that love is dead," I replied, wearily. "It died with that—that knowledge."

"No, no; it is not dead," he protested, with passionate eagerness. "Love does not so easily die. You are shocked and grieved just now and your emotions are deadened, sleeping. But your love will wake again, my darling, and plead for me. Believe me, it will be so. I will leave you now and return again in the morning. Then everything will appear to you in a vastly different light."

He would have taken my hand to lift it to his lips, but I drew back with a gesture of repulsion which brought a hot flush to his cheek.

"I do not think that you at all understand me," I said. "I may be different from other women—I cannot tell—but I think that I would rather die than have to endure even so much as the touch of your hand upon mine." I saw him wince and quiver as though my words had been a blow.

"It is you pure, good women, after all, who are most cruel, who most frequently drive men to destruction," he muttered, hoarsely. "Mercy! God! what a mockery the name is!" Then, with a supreme effort, he controlled himself, but I saw his strong hand shake as he lifted his handkerchief to wipe the drops of sweat from his brow, and added, quietly: "Tell me what it is you wish, and I will do it."

"I have but one wish where you are concerned," I replied, "and that is that after tonight I may never look upon your face again."

For a few moments he said nothing; his eyes were bent upon me in a long, long look of unspeakable reproach, unutterable anguish. Then he spoke:

"So be it, since it is your wish," he said, and then he turned and left me.

CHAPTER VIII.

I sat at my bed-room window staring with wide aching eyes which felt as though they would never again close in sleep, out into the darkness. Years, instead of hours, seemed to have passed over my head since I sat there looking with radiant eyes at the sunlit beauty of the afternoon, breathing in the fragrance of the flowers, smiling and flushing as I remembered his words: "See, sweetheart, the orange blossoms have crowned you." And I, who had so readily so joyously promised to marry Julian Merrill "before the orange blossoms had faded," would never be wife to any man.

Fitful gleams of lightning flashed across the heavens and the rising wind sighed plaintively. There was a storm brewing. My loosened hair was damp with the heavy night dews and I shivered in my thin gown as the chill wind struck me, but I did not move from the window. The four walls of the room seemed to stifle me. Once I lifted my white face to the darkened heavens and cried aloud:

"Oh, God! Oh, God! Why must I suffer like this? Is there no pity in Heaven as there is no truth on earth?"

After a time the gathering storm broke in fury. The rain fell in torrents, the wind howled, bending the trees before its fury, lightning flashed blindingly across the sky and crash after crash of thunder followed in quick succession.

I did not move from the window. The

C. S. JOBES, President
J. MARTIN JONES Vice-Pres't
UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY
C. B. GRAY, Cashier
DAVID THORNTON, Ass't Cashier
CAPITAL $250,000.00
The American National Bank
OF KANSAS CITY MO.
SURPLUS $100,000.00

Nov. 4, 1901.

To Whom it may concern:-

This is to certify that the KELLERSTRASS DISTILLING COMPANY have this day deposited one thousand dollars ($1,000.00) in Gold with us, and authorized us to pay it to any one who will prove that there ever was, or ever is a drop of whiskey taken out of their Bonded Warehouse, located right at their United States Registered Distillery, No. 22, 6th District of Missouri, that is not absolutely pure, according to United States Government Inspection.

G B Gray Cashier

We also authorize the above bank to return your money to you and charge the same to our account, if you find that we do not do just as we advertise. We have over 480,000 customers in the United States, which ought to speak for itself. You can buy our whiskey only through us. The above offer has stood for nearly two years, but the money is still in the bank, there never having been a claimant.

NO MARKS ON PACKAGE TO INDICATE CONTENTS

FREE WHISKEY
FOR MEDICINE
THE REASON WE SAY IT'S FOR MEDICINE IS BECAUSE IT'S PURE
DIRECT FROM A UNITED STATES REGISTERED DISTILLER TO CONSUMER.

Send us your order for four full quarts of ten-year-old Rye for $3.15, express prepaid, and we will send you, free of charge, two sample bottles—one twelve, one fifteen-year-old—Rye, a corkscrew and a gold-tipped whiskey glass. We make this offer simply to get you to try the goods. We also have this same brand eight years old, which we will dispose of at $2.50 per gallon, in lots of two or more gallons at one shipment. We also give sample bottles, glass and corkscrew with these goods. All our goods are put up in full quart bottles, and sent express prepaid. If goods are not satisfactory, return them at our expense and we will refund your money. It is almost impossible to get pure whiskey from dealers. These goods are shipped direct from the Distilling Co., which guarantees their purity and saves middleman's profit. The entire product of "Our Registered Distillery," the merit of which has gained it a national reputation, is sold direct to the consumer. REFERENCES: Any Express Company.

NOTE.—Orders from Ariz., Colo., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., Fla., must call for twenty quarts prepaid.

KELLERSTRASS DISTILLING CO.
1620 KELLERSTRASS BLOCK, KANSAS CITY, MO.
Capital $500,000, fully paid in.

The above firm are sole owners of Registered Distillery No. 22 of the Sixth District of Missouri. When writing please mention the Chicago Ledger.

raging of the elements seemed in keeping with the storm of agony within my soul.

At length the storm spent itself. From the mass of clouds the yellow harvest moon came forth and bathed the earth in silvery light; great wafts of perfume arose from the drenched flowers. The cloying sweetness of the mingled odor of roses and orange blossoms turned me suddenly faint and sick. I arose to my feet and closed the window. Then, for the first time, I was conscious of great physical weariness, a weariness which numbed even the power to think or to suffer. I threw myself, dressed as I was, upon the bed and fell at once into a deep sleep.

I awoke, racked with intense pain from head to foot, and lay one moment shivering and the next burning with fever. A feeling of unreality stole over me. I was conscious of Mammy's anxious face bending over me and then all was a blank.

The trees were dressed in all the rich tints of autumn and the fields yellow with golden-rod when, wan and white and weak, I arose from my bed and took up the burden of life again.

It was in the afternoon of an October day and I lay upon a couch in the drawing room, gazing listlessly into the fire which leaped and blazed in the great wide fireplace, sending forth a spicy, invigorating odor of pine. A big, quaint bowl, filled with white and yellow chrysanthemums, stood upon a table at my elbow.

I turned my head as the door opened and Gypsy entered. How pretty she looked in her gown of garnet cashmere with a black lace scarf yound about her head and shoulders. Oh, Gypsy! Gypsy!

She came up to the couch, bent over and kissed me.

"You are nearly well again, aren't you, Mercy?" she said, as she drew forward a low stool and sat down beside me.

"Yes; I shall soon be well again," I replied, and as I spoke I sighed half unconsciously.

Gypsy's eyes lingered upon me with the questioning, curious look I had seen in them many times during my convalescence.

"Mercy, why did you send Uncle Julian away?" she asked, abruptly, and with a faint touch of reproach. "I thought that you cared for him. He loved you so dearly, Mercy, and you have broken his heart. I shall never forget how he looked that night he went away, and——" I stopped her with a passionately imploring gesture. I was still very weak and I shivered and trembled under her words.

"Don't!" I faltered. "Don't! I cannot bear it!"

In a moment she was on her knees with her arms about me.

"Mercy, darling, forgive me!" she cried, penitently. "You know I would not pain you for all the world could offer me."

The reassuring words I was about to speak died away upon my lips. She had thrown aside the black lace scarf and I saw about her throat the glitter of diamonds. It was the necklace my mother had worn the night she died and the sight of it made me feel, for the moment, sick and faint. I seemed to hear again the protest of Hortense, the French maid, "Ze roses, they do not accord with ze diamonds."

"Mercy, dear, what is the matter?" asked Gypsy.

I pointed to the necklace.

"The sight of that necklace unnerved me for the moment, Gypsy," I replied.

She put her hand quickly to her throat.

"Oh, I forgot to take it off," she cried. "Mercy, it is the necklace your—your mother wore that night?"

"Yes."

"I am so very, very sorry, Mercy. I did not know. You see, it was this way. I was fixing up papa's desk in the library while he was taking a nap and I accidentally discovered a secret drawer; in it was this necklace. I never thought about its being the one he gave your mamma that night. I fancied that had been put with her other jewels. I slipped the necklace about my throat. I love diamonds, you know, and just then I was called away. I declare I forgot all about the necklace until you spoke of it. I am so sorry, Mercy, for I know what painful association it must have for you."

"Never mind, dear," I murmured. "We will not say any more about it."

Gypsy sank back upon her stool, slipped her soft little hand into mine, and, for some time there was silence, broken only by the crackling of the fire. Then suddenly Gypsy spoke in quick, startled tones:

"Mercy, I feel so sick!"

I turned quickly toward her, lifting myself upon my elbow.

She was leaning a little toward me, a dilated look in her great dusky eyes, the rich color drained from lips and cheeks.

"Mercy, I feel so strange," she whispered. "What is it?"

I did not answer her. I only lay there, staring at her, the blood chilling in my veins, for the look upon her face was the same that had been upon my mother's face as she lay dying.

I watched him with fast beating heart as he drew near.

CHAPTER IX.

It was night. Beside the bed upon which Gypsy lay, white and still, Doctor Merrill and I stood alone. He was half crouching over the still form of the dead girl. I stood erect, my eyes fixed upon him.

The servants, the only ones besides ourselves who had been present during the death scene, he had ordered roughly from the room. I knew that he desired me gone, also, but I lingered. I had a question to ask before I left that death chamber, a question that the man cowering over the dead body of his child, alone could answer.

"Doctor Merrill," I spoke quietly, calmly, "my mother and your daughter both died in the same sudden and strange way, from apparently the same cause. There is some terrible mystery which you alone can make clear, for you knew from the first that my mother and Gypsy were doomed and made no effort, with all your skill, to save them. I must and I will know the truth. Doctor Merrill, what caused the death of my mother?"

His eyes were fixed upon the white face of the dead girl. He did not lift them as he replied:

"You shall know all that you desire, but not now nor here. The knowledge you seek shall be yours, in writing, by tomorrow morning. Now, be good enough to leave me."

For a moment I hesitated. The suspense was maddening, but of what avail to protest? So I bent over the bed, pushed aside the thick, dusky curls, and murmured, with a sob, as I pressed my lips to the marble brow:

"Gypsy, Gypsy! my pet, my darling!"

Then I turned and passed softly from the room.

Quite early the following morning a long envelope, addressed in Doctor Merrill's handwriting, was brought to me. It was some moments before I could find courage to break the seal. My hand trembled as I drew forth several large sheets, closely written. Then I commenced to read:

"As I stood gazing upon the dead face of my child, I thought of those words written in the Scriptures, 'A life for a life,' also, 'He that smiteth with the sword shall perish by the sword.' You will understand what I mean when I tell you, Mercy, that I killed your mother. I killed her because she was about to betray me to bring shame and dishonor upon my name. You already know that she and Julian Merrill loved each other. You do not know, however, that Sibyl intended to desert her husband and fly with her lover.

"It is unnecessary to go into details. It will suffice to say briefly that I discovered that my wife and my brother had fallen in love with each other. I erred in the first place by trusting too implicitly in a woman's honor, but my belief in her stainless purity was as deep as the love I bore her until the awakening came.

"You were in the room when those red roses arrived, Mercy. With them was a note containing these words, 'Sibyl, wear my roses—the red roses of love—in your bosom tonight, and I shall know that you will grant my prayer, crown my life with bliss.' And I had made up my mind that if she wore the roses—I was sure she would wear them, for the woman who hesitates is lost—she should die. She should not live to dishonor me. As for him—I would wait. I felt sure that a day of reckoning would come, and it did. He loved you, Mercy, and mine was the hand that lost you to him. We were quits. I desired no sweeter revenge.

"A little explanation is necessary before I proceed any further. In the course of scientific researches I had given much time and attention to the study of poisons, among them I had come across one but little known—serpent-venom. I had collected some specimens of the venom of a deadly serpent, the poison which rendered the prick of a serpent's fang as fatal as the thrust of a dagger to the heart or a bullet in the brain.

"These, when dried, were yellowish, semi-transparent chips. In that form they were absolutely harmless, but a drop or two of warm water dropped upon one of these scales was sufficient to call forth all its deadly properties. I had once experimented upon a little yellow dog picked up in the streets. A penknife blade dipped in the viscous fluid produced in the way described, a scratch across the animal's quivering black nose, and the work was done. The dog died in a few hours.

"After I left my wife that morning I went out and bought a diamond necklace. One of the links I twisted out of place so that the sharp point would puncture the skin. To this I applied a thick coating of the deadly fluid. That evening I went to my wife's dressing room with the necklace in my pocket. She wore, as I had felt convinced she would, the red roses on her breast. You were present when I presented the necklace, and with my own hands clasped it about that beautiful white throat of hers. Later I stood by and watched her die. She would never bring shame and dishonor upon my name, and better the cold embrace of death than the polluting touch of her lover.

"And now my sin has found me out. 'A life for a life.' By some terrible fatality—or is it retributive justice—my child, the only creature I love, perishes indirectly by my hand. During the past few hours I have suffered an eternity of unspeakable agony, but it will end soon now. A drop or two of warm water upon the little yellowish fragment I hold in the hollow of my hand, the point of a lancet dipped in the fluid, the puncture of a vein, and it is done.

"It is done. The lancet was so sharp that I barely felt the pain. Now, I am going into the next room where she, my darling, lies, so fair and calm and sweet. Gypsy, my little one!"

I am an old woman now, with snow-white hair and bowed shoulders. Long, weary years have passed since I bade farewell to happiness and hope. It cannot be long now before this weary life of mine shall end, and, perhaps, beyond the grave, I may again find peace.

(The end.)

WHAT EFFIE SAID.

BY JAMES L. BOWEN.

John Budlong was an unfortunate man, just as so many others are unfortunate. He had not been born to wealth, but to that which is better—good common sense and a disposition to work earnestly and faithfully in the sphere to which Heaven had placed him. And so he had worked all his life, without bettering his condition at all; in fact, as his family increased and there came additional demands on his purse, the more frequently that purse contained no money, and there was no fund laid up "against a rainy day." John had a good, true-hearted wife, who had filled her station well, performed her duties in a most commendable manner, loved and cared for her children, and worshiped her husband. If sometimes her heart was wrung and there came dark clouds across the way of her daily life, she bowed her head when none saw the act, and let the tears flow till she felt better, till there came relief, and then lifted her burden again with a quiet smile—for she was a quiet woman, who neither in delight nor in sorrow indulged in any excessive demonstrations.

The truth was that, notwithstanding all his goodness of heart, his industry and mechanical skill, John Budlong had one serious failing—that especial failing which hangs a dark pall over so many homes, and clouds the lives of so many thousands of dutiful wives and poor, suffering children. He loved the intoxicating cup. In his bachelor days he had been a "fast," generous young man—not disposed to lawlessness, but fearfully inclined to see how closely he could draw the line and how popular he could make himself with all classes. So he used to be a favorite, because he could tell a good story, always had a stock of first-class cigars in his case, and never refused to do his part toward furnishing or disposing of "the drinks." At marriage he had intended to drop all those habits, and really, for a time, found a substitute in the society of his wife and the budding children that came as love tokens, full of bright promise.

But home grew less attractive, it seemed to him, and so he often met his former associates, drank, smoked and talked with them, until he had pretty nearly returned to the recklessness of his earlier years. Poor Carrie noticed the change that came over her husband, saw how often he returned home almost staggering, and how every evening his once pure breath was tainted with the disgusting fumes of alcohol. Yet she uttered no word of reproof or complaining, only strove to make home as attractive as possible, and used all her powers of pleasing in the hope that she might reclaim her wayward husband. In vain every effort, every hope; they only became a mockery to her aching, bleeding soul.

But the crisis was near at hand. Every day the world seemed growing darker to John, and his prospects gloomier. In fact, he was fast nearing that point where despair sets in, and the demon drink becomes sole ruler of the man. Many were the reformatory influences that had been brought to bear upon him—all had been fruitless. A temperance wave had swept over the village, and several of his former associates had enlisted under a brighter banner, and thrown off their slavery; but their example had no power over him.

"There's no use of my trying to reform," he mused. "Nobody cares for me. I am an outcast, and there is no help for me."

Fatal delusion, that has wrecked so many a soul!

It was Sabbath evening. The church bells were pealing their varied summons, but John Budlong heeded them not. All through the day he had been at home, ill from the effects of the previous night's shameful carousal, sick in body and heart. Earth had never seemed so dark to him before. All his week's wages had gone, vanished in a couple of hours, and his family were unprovided for. A hundred times he had felt an impulse to rush forth and drown his shame in intoxication, but some power had thus far restrained him.

Little Effie, a beautiful four-year-old, was beside his knee; and gazing up with childish sympathy into the liquor-flushed features. The mother was busy in the kitchen, as the little prattler sorrowfully asked:

"Be papa sick?"

A nod of the head was the only answer, while Budlong restrained the impulse to push his child away. A brief silence, and she continued very earnestly:

"Me tell oo what to take."

"Well, you little physician, what shall I take?" And a smile came over the haggard features, despite the man's wretchedness.

"Oo take the pledge—that cure you."

"Who has been telling you that stuff?" he exclaimed, half angrily.

"Oh, I tell oo, papa. Las' night when oo gone, and mamma thought I sleep, she feel so bad, she cried and got on her knees, and says to God, 'Let papa take the pledge,' and cry, and cry, and cry, great long while."

Was it an electric spark which darted through John Budlong's frame, and rested, quivering at his heart? Or was it the more subtle influence of heavenly grace, sent from the throne above to answer the pious wife's prayer, and arouse his waning manhood? Perchance it was but the manhood itself, touched by the gentle eloquence of the prattler, who scarcely comprehended the words she spoke. Whatever it may have been, a new resolve burned in his breast. For a moment he pondered, and then, grasping his hat, he passed to the door.

"I shall be back in a few minutes, Carrie," he said, in answer to his wife's inquiring glance. "I am only going over to the office."

There was a pleasant smile upon his features, and, reassured by this, Carrie waited for his return. She never knew till years had passed why he went, and then she read the story upon a worn piece of folded paper, which bore these words:

"Witness, Almighty God, that while life lasts I never will touch another drop of strong drink to destroy my manhood, and bring sorrow and shame to my loved ones."

It was her husband's handwriting, dated that Sunday evening and signed with a bold though somewhat trembling hand.

It had been kept—is kept still.

What a change it has wrought in but a few years! A beautiful cottage, all his own—a home than which none in all the world is happier—prosperous, respected, esteemed John Budlong looks no more upon the world and calls it dark. There is no cloud or sorrow now upon his earthly way that an upright life cannot remove, and little Effie, grown almost to womanhood, little dreams of the magic influence which, coming from her prattling words, shaped and changed all their earthly destinies.

Bear Worshipers of Japan.

The queerest and perhaps the oldest people of the earth are the Ainos, the bear idolators, who are found in the Japanese islands of Kovriles, Sahkalino, and chiefly in Yezo or Honnaido. They number not more than 18,000 souls in all, and they are fast disappearing. They have the broad nose and the oblique eyes which characterize the Chinese and Asiatic races generally, but there the resemblance ends. The Ainos are a large and powerful people, straight as an arrow. All the Ainos declare they sprang from the Great White Dog—the bear—and a princess of the south. The bear is their chief god.

Proof of His Wealth.

"Is he very rich?"

"Rich? Why, he's so rich he daren't look twice at a girl for fear she'll bring a breach of promise suit."

THE CHICAGO LEDGER
30 YEARS OLD.
Published Every Saturday
—BY—
W. D. BOYCE CO.,

all communications should be addressed to
THE CHICAGO LEDGER,
112, 114 DEARBORN ST.,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. If not paid in advance, $2.00 a year, $1.00 for six months. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Post Office or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. One Dollar must be added to all foreign yearly subscriptions to pay postage.

Entered at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, as second-class matter.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER
AND
SATURDAY BLADE.

ADVERTISING.
Advertising rate $1.35 per Agate Line, per insertion, for advertisements in The Chicago Ledger, Saturday Blade and Boyce's Weekly combined.

625,000
COPIES WEEKLY
PROVED CIRCULATION.

BACK NUMBERS.
Back numbers of the Ledger can be had by addressing this office. Always give the numbers desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.
The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

UNION LABEL
ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL 238 CHICAGO, ILL.

Some women are not as fresh as they are painted and some are more so.

Many things may be preserved in alcohol, but law and order are not on the list.

Figures may not lie, but a skillful mathematician may be able to juggle them to some purpose.

The average woman will jump at sight of a mouse almost as quick as she will at an offer of marriage.

"Know thyself," says the philosopher. Yet how disappointed some men would be if they knew themselves.

The child is father to the man; the former builds a house of blocks and the latter builds a block of houses.

Those picturesque rascals, the Humberts, will not get any more punishment than is coming to them.

Why doesn't Sir Thomas Lipton try his hand at building a ship that will sail to the north pole?

Let the man who thinks that he has troubles pick up the newspapers and read the account of the man who has three wives.

As long as his enemies are afraid to trust each other over night the Turk feels that there is no danger of his 999-year lease being canceled.

King Peter denies that his assassination has as yet taken place. Why does he not issue cards for the event and so avoid uncertainties?

The reason we do not hear directly from Mars may be that the people on that planet have not got as far along as wireless telegraphy yet.

Congressman Champ Clark has declared himself out of the race for the nomination for governor of Missouri, and is supporting Joe Folk. Champ is still able to tell a hearse from a band wagon.

If intellectual persons of the future are to be bald Mr. Rockefeller has anticipated the development of the race by several hundred years. He has some other points that show it also.

A promising young Filipino has been sent to Fort Leavenworth to study war. If the germ of Kansas politics ever gets into his system he will be able to give the government more trouble when he gets back than a regiment of a thousand men with bolos.

The Blazed Trail

Or, Struggling for Gold

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

(Copyright, 1902, by the author.)

Begun in No. 33, Sept. 19. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Winter set in early and continued late; which in the end was a good thing for the year's cut. The season was capricious, hanging for days at a time at the brink of a thaw, only to stiffen again into severe weather. This was trying on the nerves. For at each of these false alarms the six camps fell into a feverish haste to get the job finished before the break-up. It was really quite extraordinary under the nagging spur of weather conditions and the cruel rowelling of Thorpe.

The latter had no thought beyond his work, and that was the thought of a mad man. He had been stern and unyielding enough before, goodness knows, but now he was terrible. Not for an instant was there a resting spell. The veriest chore-boy talked, thought, dreamed of nothing but saw logs. Men whispered vaguely of a record cut. The difficulties of snow, accident, topography, were swept aside like straws. Little time was wasted and no opportunities. It did not matter how smoothly affairs happened to be running for the moment, every advantage, even the smallest, was eagerly seized to advance the work. A drop of five degrees during the frequent warm spells brought out the sprinklers, even in dead of night. At night the men fell into their bunks like sandbags, and their last conscious thought, if indeed they had any at all, was of eagerness for the morrow. It was madness; but it was the madness these men loved.

For now to his old religion Thorpe had added a fanaticism, and over the fanaticism was gradually creeping a film of doubt. To the conscientious energy which a sense of duty supplied, was added the tremendous kinetic force of a love turned into other channels. And in the wild nights while the other men slept, Thorpe's half-crazed brain was revolving over and over again the words of the sentence he had heard from Hilda's lips: "There can be nothing better than love."

His actions, his mind, his very soul vehemently denied the proposition. He clung as ever to his high Puritanic idea of man's purpose. But down deep in a very tiny, sacred corner of his heart a very small voice some times made itself heard when other, more militant voices were still: "It may be; it may be!"

The last month of hauling was also one of snow. Each day a little fell. By and by the accumulation amounted to much. In the woods where the wind could not get at it, it lay deep and soft above the tops of bushes. On either side of the logging roads the snow piled so high as to form a kind of rampart. When all this water in suspense should begin to flow, and to seek its level in the water courses of the district, the logs would have plenty to float them, at least.

So late did the cold weather last that, even with the added plowing to do, the six camps beat all records. On the banks at Camp One were nine million feet; the totals of all five amounted to thirty-three million. About ten million of this was on French Creek; the remainder on the main bank of the Ossawinamakee. Besides this the firm upriver, Sadler & Smith, had put up some twelve million more. The drive promised to be quite an affair.

About the fifteenth of April attention became strained. Every day the mounting sun made heavy attacks on the snow; every night the temperature dropped below the freezing point. The river began to show more air holes, occasional open places. About the center the ice looked worn and soggy. Some one saw a flock of geese high in the air. Then came rain.

One morning early, Long Jim Pine came into the men's camp bearing a huge chunk of tallow. This he held against the hot stove until its surface had softened, when he began to swab liberal quantities of grease on his spiked river shoes, which he fished out from under his bunk.

"She's comin', boys," said he.

He donned a pair of woolen trousers that had been chopped off at the knee, thick woolen stockings, and the river shoes. Then he tightened his broad leather belt about his heavy shirt, cocked his little hat over his ear, and walked over in the corner to select a peavey from the lot the blacksmith had just put in shape. A peavey is like a cant-hook except that it is pointed at the end. Thus it can be used etiher as a hook or a pike. At the same moment Shearer, similarly attired and equipped, appeared in the doorway. The opening of the portal admitted a roar of sound. The river was rising.

"Come on, boys, she's on!" said he, sharply.

"Lively, boys, lively!" shouted Thorpe. "She'll be down on us before we know it!"

Above the breaking of dead branches in the wind sounded a steady roar, like the bellowing of a wild beast lashing itself to fury. The freshet was abroad.

The men heard it and their eyes brightened with the lust of battle. They cheered.

At the banks of the river, Thorpe issued his directions. The affair had been all prearranged. Immediately above the first rollways was Dam Three with its two wide sluices through which a veritable flood could be loosened at will; then four miles farther lay the rollway of Sadler & Smith, the up-river firm; and above them tumbled over a forty-five-foot ledge the beautiful Siscoe Falls; these first rollways of Thorpe's—spread in the broad marsh flat below the dam—contained about eight millions; the rest of the season's cut was scattered for thirty miles along the bed of the river.

Already the ice cementing the logs together had begun to weaken. The ice had wrenched and tugged savagely at the locked timbers until they had, with a mighty effort, snapped asunder the bonds of their hibernation. Now a narrow lane of black, rushing water pierced the rollways, to boil and eddy in the consequent jam three miles below.

To the foremen Thorpe assigned their tasks.

"Moloney," said he to the big Irishman, "take your crew and break that jam. Then scatter your men down to within a mile of the pond at Dam Two, and see that the river runs clear. You can tent for a day or so at West Bend or some other point about half-way down; and after that you had better camp at the dam. Just as soon as you get logs enough in the pond, start to sluicing them through the dam. You won't need more than four men there, if you keep a good head. You can keep your gates open five or six hours. And, Moloney."

"Yes,' sir."

"I want you to be careful not to sluice too long. There is a bar just below the dam and if you try to sluice with the water too low, you'll center and jam there, as sure as shooting."

Bryan Moloney turned on his heel and began to pick his way down stream over the solidly banked logs. Without waiting the command, a dozen men followed him. The little group bobbed away irregularly into the distance, springing lightly from one timber to the other, holding their quaintly-fashioned peaveys in the manner of a rope dancer's balancing pole. At the lower-most limit of the rollways, each man pried a log into the water, and, standing gracefully erect on this unstable craft, floated out down the current to the scene of his dangerous labor.

"Kerlie," went on Thorpe, "your crew can break rollways with the rest until we get the river fairly filled, and then you can move on down stream as fast as you are needed. Scotty, you will have the rear. Tim and I will boss the river."

At once the signal was given to Ellis, the dam watcher. Ellis and his assistants thereupon began to pry with long iron bars at the ratchets of the heavy gates. The chore-boy bent attentively over the ratchet-pin, lifting it delicately to permit another inch of raise, dropping it accurately to enable the men at the bars to seize a fresh purchase. The river's roar deepened. Through the wide sluiceways a torrent foamed and tumbled. Immediately it spread through the brush on either side to the limits of the freshet banks, and then gathered for its leap against the uneasy rollways. Along the edge of the dark channel the face of the logs seemed to crumble away. Farther in towards the banks where the weight of timber still outbalanced the weight of the flood the tiers grumbled and stirred. Far down the river, where Bryan Moloney and his crew were picking at the jam, the water in eager streamlets sought the interstices between the logs, gurgling excitedly.

The jam creaked and groaned in response to the pressure. From its face a hundred jets of water spouted into the lower stream. Logs up-ended here and there, rising from the bristling surface slowly, like so many arms from the rollways, paused at the slack-eddied back foaming; logs shot down from the rollways, paused at the slack-water, and finally hit with a hollow and resounding boom against the tail of the jam. A moment later they, too, up-ended.

The crew were working desperately. Down in the heap somewhere, two logs were crossed in such a manner as to lock the whole. They sought those logs.

Thirty feet above the bed of the river six men clamped their peaveys into the soft pine; jerking, pulling, lifting, sliding the great logs from their places. Thirty feet below, under the threatening face, six other men coolly picked out and set adrift, one by one, the timbers not inextricably imbedded. From time to time the mass creaked, settled, perhaps even moved a foot or two; but always the practiced rivermen, after a glance, bent more eagerly to their work.

Outlined against the sky, big Bryan Moloney stood directing the work. He knew by the tenseness of the log he stood on that, behind the jam, power had gathered sufficient to push the whole tangle down-stream. Now he was offering it the chance.

Suddenly the six men below the jam scattered. Four of them, holding their peaveys across the bodies, jumped lightly from one floating log to another in the zigzag to shore. The other two ran the elngth of their footing, and, overleaping an open of water, landed heavily and firmly on the very ends of two small floating logs. In this manner the force of the jump rushed the little timbers end-on through the water. The two men, maintaining marvelously their balance, were thus ferried to within leaping distance of the other shore.

In the meantime a barely perceptible motion was communicating itself from one particle to another through the center of the jam. The crew redoubled its exertions. A sharp crack exploded immediately underneath. There could no longer exist any doubt as to the motion, although it was as yet sluggish, glacial. Then in silence a log shifted—in silence and slowly—but with irresistible force. Jimmy Powers quietly stepped over it, just as it menaced his leg. Other logs in all directions up-ended. The jam crew were forced continually to alter their positions, riding the changing timbers bent-kneed, as a circus rider treads his four galloping horses.

Then all at once down by the face something crashed. The entire stream became alive. It hissed and roared, it shrieked and grumbled. At first slowly, then more rapidly, the very forefront of the center melted inward and onward and downward until it caught the fierce rush of the freshet and shot out from under the jam. Far upstream, bristling and formidable, the tons of logs, grinding savagely together, swept forward.

The six men and Bryan Moloney—who, it will be remembered, were on top—worked until the last moment. When the logs began to cave under them so rapidly that even the expert rivermen found difficulty in "staying on top," the foreman set the example of hunting safety.

"She 'pulls', boys," he yelled.

Then in a manner wonderful to behold, through the smother of foam and spray, through the crash and yell of timbers, through the leap of destruction, the drivers zigzagged calmly and surely to the shore.

All but Jimmy Powers. He poised tense and eager on the crumbling face of the jam. Almost immediately he saw what he wanted and without pause sprang boldly and confidently ten feet straight downward, to alight with accuracy on a single log floating free in the current. And then in the very glory and chaos of the jam itself he was swept down-stream.

After a moment the constant acceleration in speed checked, then commenced perceptibly to slacken. At once the rest of the crew began to ride down stream. Each struck the caulks of his river boots strongly into a log, and on such unstable vehicles floated miles with the current. From time to time, as Bryan Moloney indicated, one of them went ashore. There, usually at a bend of the stream where the likelihood of jamming was great, they took their stands. When necessary, they ran out over the face of the river to separate a congestion likely to cause trouble. The rest of the time they smoked their pipes.

All night long the logs slipped down the moonlit current, silently, swiftly, yet without haste. From the whole length of the river rang the hollow boom, boom, boom, of timbers striking one against the other.

The drive was on.

CHAPTER XXVII.

In the meantime the main body of the crew under Thorpe and his foremen were briskly tumbling the logs into the current. Then men had continually to keep alert, for at any moment they were called upon to exercise their best judgment and quickness to keep from being carried downward with the rush of the logs. Not infrequently a frowning sheer wall of forty feet would hesitate on the brink of plunge. Then Shearer himself proved his right to the title of riverman.

Shearer wore caulks nearly an inch in length. He had been known to ride ten miles without shifting his feet, on a log so small that he could carry it without difficulty. For cool nerve he was unexcelled.

"I don't need you boys here any longer," he said, quietly.

When the men had all withdrawn, he walked confidently under the front of the runway, glancing with practiced eye at the perpendicular wall of logs over him. Then, as a man pries jackstraws, he clamped his peavey and tugged sharply. At once the rollway flattened and toppled. A mighty splash, a fluff of flying foam and crushing timbers, and the spot on which the rivermen had stood was buried beneath twenty feet of solid green wood. To Thorpe it seemed that Shearer must have been overwhelmed, but the riverman always mysteriously appeared at one side or the other, nonchalant, urging the men to work before the logs should have ceased to move. History stated that Shearer had never lost a man on the river, simply and solely because he invariably took the dangerous tasks upon himself.

In three days the rollways were broken. Now it became necessary to start the rear.

For this purpose Billy Camp, the cook, had loaded his cook-stove, a quantity of provisions, and a supply of bedding, aboard a scow. At either end were long sweeps to direct its course. The craft was perhaps forty feet long, but rather narrow, in order that it might pass easily through the chute of a dam. It was called the "wanigan."

The huge, unwieldy craft from that moment was to become possessed of the devil. Down the white water of rapids it would bump, smashing obstinately against boulders; against the branches of the stream side it would scrape; in the broad reaches it would sulk, refusing to proceed; and when expediency demanded its pause, it would drag Billy Camp and his entire crew at the rope's end, while they tried vainly to snub it against successively uprooted trees and stumps. When at last the wanigan was moored fast for the night—usually a mile or so below the spot planned—Billy Camp pushed back his battered old brown derby hat, the badge of his office, with a sigh of relief. To be sure he and his men had still to cut wood, construct cooking and camp fires, pitch tents, snip browse and prepare supper for seventy men; but the hard work of the day was over.

Along either bank, among the bushes, on sandbars and in trees, hundreds and hundreds of logs had been stranded when the main drive passed. These logs the rear crew were engaged in restoring to the current.

And as a man had to be able to ride any

kind of log in any water; to propel that log by jumping on it, by rolling it squirrel fashion with the feet, by punting it as one would a canoe; to be skillful in pushing, prying and poling other logs from the quarter deck of the same cranky craft; as he must be prepared at any and all times to jump waist deep into the river, to work in ice water hours at a stretch; as he was called upon to break the most dangerous jams on the river, representing, as they did, the accumulation which the jam crew had left behind them, it was naturally considered the height of glory to belong to the rear crew. Here were the best of the Fighting Forty—men with a reputation as "white-water birlers"—men afraid of nothing.

Every morning the crews were divided into two sections under Kerlie and Jack Hyland. Each crew had charge of one side of the river. Scotty Parsons exercised a general supervision over both crews. Shearer and Thorpe traveled back and forth the length of the drive, riding the logs down stream, but taking to a partly submerged pole trail when ascending the current. On the surface of the river in the clear water floated two long graceful boats called bateaux. These were in charge of expert boatmen. They carried in racks a great supply of pike-poles, peaveys, axes, rope and dynamite, for use in various emergencies. Intense rivalry existed as to which crew "sacked" the farthest down the stream in the course of the day. There was no need to urge the men. Some stood upon the logs, pushing mightily with the long pike-poles. From one end of the rear to the other, shouts, calls, warnings and jokes flew back and forth. Once or twice a vast roar of Homeric laughter went up as some unfortunate slipped and soused into the water. When the current slacked and the logs hesitated in their run, the entire crew hastened, bobbing from log to log, down river to see about it. Then they broke the jam, standing surely on the edge of the great darkness, while the ice water sucked in and out of their shoes.

Behind the rear Big Junko poled his bateau backward and forward, exploding dynamite. Many of the bottom tiers of logs in the rollways had been frozen down, and Big Junko had to loosen them from the bed of the stream. He was a big man, this, as his nickname indicated, built of many awkwardnesses. His cheekbones were high, his nose flat, his lips thick and slobbery. He sported a wide, ferocious, straggling mustache and long eyebrows, under which gleamed little fierce eyes. His forehead sloped back like a beast's, but was always hidden by a disreputable felt hat. Big Junko did not know much, and had the passions of a wild animal, but he was a reckless riverman and devoted to Thorpe. Just now he exploded dynamite.

The sticks of powder were piled amidships. Big Junko crouched over them, inserting the fuses and caps, closing the openings with soap, finally lighting them and dropping them into the water alongside, where they immediately sank. Then a few strokes of a short paddle took him barely out of danger. He huddled down in his craft, waiting. One, two three seconds passed. Then a hollow boom shook the stream. A cloud of water sprang up, strangely beautiful. After a moment the great brown logs rose suddenly to the surface from below, one after the other, like leviathans of the deep.

Thorpe and Tim Shearer nearly always slept in a dog tent at the rear; though occasionally they passed the night at Dam Two, where Bryan Moloney and his crew were already engaged in sluicing the logs through the chute.

The affair was simple enough. Long booms arranged in the form of an open V guided the drive to the sluice gate, though which a smooth apron of water rushed to turmoil in an eddying pool below. Two men tramped steadily backward and forward on the booms, urging the logs forward by means of long pike-poles to where the suction could seize them. Below the dam the rush of the sluice water forced them several miles down stream, where the rest of Bryan Moloney's crew took them in charge.

Thus through the wide gate nearly three-quarters of a million feet an hour could be run, and at length the last of the logs drifted into the wide dam pool. The rear had arrived at Dam Two and Thorpe congratulated himself that one stage of his journey had been completed.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The rear had been tenting at the dam for two days, and was about ready to break camp, when Jimmy Powers swung across the trail to tell them of the big jam.

Ten miles along the river bed, the stream dropped over a little half-falls into a narrow, rocky gorge. It was always an anxious spot for river drivers. The plunging of the logs head-on over the fall had so gouged out the soft rock below, that an eddy of great power had formed in the basin. Here in spite of all efforts, the jam had formed. The bed was completely filled, far above the level of the falls, by a tangle that defied the jam crew's best efforts.

The rear at once took the trail down the river. Thorpe and Shearer and Scotty Parsons looked over the ground.

Without delay the entire crew was set to work. Nearly a hundred men can pick a great many logs in the course of a day. Several times the jam started, but always "plugged" before the motion had become irresistible.

"We'll have to shoot," Shearer reluctantly decided.

The men were withdrawn. Scotty Parsons cut a sapling twelve feet long and trimmed it. Big Junko thawed his dynamite at a little fire, opening the ends of the packages in order that the steam generated might escape. When the powder was warm Scotty bound twenty of the cartridges around the end of the sapling, adjusted a fuse in one of them, and soaped the opening to exclude water. Then Big Junko thrust the long javelin down into the depths of the jam, leaving a thin stream of smoke behind him as he turned away, zigzagging awkwardly over the jam, the long, ridiculous tails of his brown cutaway coat flopping behind him as he leaped. A scant moment later the hoarse dynamite shouted.

Great chunks of timber shot to an inconceivable height; entire logs lifted bodily into the air with the motion of a fish jumping; a fountain of water gleamed against the sun and showered down in fine rain. The jam shrugged and settled. That was all; the "shot" had failed.

The men ran forward, examining curiously the log formation.

"We'll have to flood her," said Thorpe.

So all the gates of the dam were raised and the torrent tried its hand. It had no effect. Evidently the affair was not one of violence, but of patience. The crew went doggedly to work.

Day after day the clank, clank, clank of the peaveys sounded with the regularity of machinery. It was cruel hard work; a man who has lifted his utmost strength into a peavey knows that. Any but the Fighting Forty would have grumbled.

Collins, the bookkeeper, came up to view the tangle. Later a photographer from Marquette took some views, and by the end of the week a number of curiosity-seekers were driving over every day to see the Big Jam. A certain Chicago journalist in search of balsam health of lungs even sent to his paper a little item. This, unexpectedly, brought Wallace Carpenter to the spot.

The place was an ampitheater for such as chose to be spectators. They could stand or sit on the summit of the gorge cliffs, overlooking the river, the fall, and the jam.

At last Shearer became angry.

"We've been monkeying long enough," said he. "Next time we'll leave a center that will go out. We'll shut the beams down tight and dry-pick out two wings that'll start her."

The dams were first run at full speed, and then shut down. Hardly a drop of water flowed in the bed of the stream. The crews set laboriously to work to pull and roll the logs out in such flat fashion that a head of water should send them out.

This was even harder work than the other, for they had not the floating power of the water to help them in the lifting. As usual, part of the men worked below, part above.

Jimmy Powers, curly-haired, laughing-faced, was irrepressible. He badgered the others until they threw bark at him and menaced him with their peaveys. Always he had at his tongue's end the proper quip for the occasion, so that in the long run the work was lightened by him. When the men stopped to think at all, they thought of Jimmy Powers with very kindly hearts, for it was known that he had had more trouble than most, and that coin was not made too small for him to divide with a needy comrade.

Thorpe approved thoroughly of Jimmy Powers; he thought him a good influence. He told Wallace so, standing among the spectators on the cliff-top.

"He is all right," said Thorpe. "I wish I had more like him. The others are good boys, too."

Five men were at the moment tugging futilely at a reluctant timber. They were attempting to roll one end of it over the side of another projecting log, but were continually foiled, because the other end was jammed fast. Each bent his knees, inserting his shoulders under the projecting peavey stock, to straighten in a mighty effort.

It was a fine spring day, clear-eyed and crisp, with a hint of new foliage in the thick buds of the trees. The air was so pellucid that one distinguished without difficulty the straight entrance to the gorge a mile away, and even the West Bend, fully five miles distant.

Jimmy Powers took off his cap and wiped his forehead.

"You boys," he remarked, politely, "think you are boring with a mighty big auger."

"My God!" screamed one of the spectators on top of the cliff.

At the same instant Wallace Carpenter seized his friend's arm and pointed.

Down the bed of the stream from the upper bend rushed a solid wall of water several feet high. It flung itself forward with the headlong impetus of a cascade. Even in the short interval between the visitor's exclamation and Carpenter's rapid gesture, it had loomed in sight, twisted a dozen trees from the river bank, and foamed into the entrance of the gorge. An instant later it collided with the tail of the jam.

Even in the railroad rush of those few moments several things happened. Thorpe leaped for a rope. The crew working on top of the dam ducked instinctively to right and left and began to scramble toward safety. The men below, at first bewildered and not comprehending, finally understood, and ran toward the face of the jam with the intention of clambering upon it. There could be no escape in the narrow canyon below, the walls of which rose sheer.

Then the flood hit square. A great sheet of water rose like surf from the tail of the jam; a mighty cataract poured down over its surface, lifting the free logs; from either wing timbers crunched, split, rose suddenly into wracked prominence, twisted beyond the semblance of themselves. Here and there single logs were even projected bodily upwards, as an apple seed is shot from between the thumb and forefinger. Then the jam moved.

Scotty Parsons, Jack Hyland, Red Jacket and the forty or fifty men had reached the shore. By the wriggling activity which is a riverman's alone, they succeeded in pulling themselves beyond the snap of death's jaws. It was a narrow thing for most of them, and a miracle for some.

Jimmy Powers, Archie Harris, Long Pine Jim, Big Nolan and Mike Moloney, the brother of Bryan, were in worse case. They were, as has been said, engaged in "flattening" part of the jam about eight or ten rods below the face of it. When they finally understood that the affair was one of escape, they ran toward the jam, hoping to climb out. Then the crash came. They heard the roar of the waters, the wrecking of the timbers, they saw the logs bulge outwards in anticipation of the break. Immmediately they turned and fled, they knew not where.

All but Jimmy Powers. He stopped short in his tracks, and threw his battered old felt hat defiantly full into the face of the destruction hanging over him. Then, his bright hair blowing in the wind of death, he turned to the spectators standing helpless and paralyzed, forty feet above him.

It was an instant's impression—the arrested motion seen in the flash of lightning—and yet to the onlookers it had somehow the quality of time. For perceptible duration it seemed to them they stared at the contrast between the raging hell above and the yet peaceable river below.

Yet afterward, when they attempted to recall definitely the impression, they knew it could have lasted but a fraction of a second.

"So long, boys," they heard Jimmy Powers' voice. Then the rope Thorpe had thrown fell across a caldron of tortured waters and of tossing logs.

CHAPTER XXIX.

During perhaps ten seconds the survivors watched the end of Thorpe's rope trailing in the flood. Then the young man with a deep sigh began to pull it toward him.

At once a hundred surmises, questions, ejaculations, broke out.

"What happened?" cried Wallace Carpenter.

"What was that man's name?" asked the Chicago journalist, with the eager instinct of his profession.

"This is terrible, terrible, terrible!" a white-haired physician from Marquette kept repeating over and over.

A half dozen men ran toward the point of the cliff to peer down stream, as though they could hope to distinguish anything in that waste of flood water.

"The dam's gone out," replied Thorpe. "I don't understand it. Everything was in good shape, as far as I could see. It didn't act like an ordinary break. The water came too fast. Why, it was as dry as a bone until just as that wave came along. An ordinary break would have eaten through little by little before it burst, and Davis should have been able to stop it. This came all at once, as if the dam had disappeared. I don't see."

His mind of the professional had already begun to query causes.

"How about the men?" asked Wallace. "Isn't there something I can do?"

"You can head a hunt down the river," answered Thorpe. "I think it is useless until the water goes down. Poor Jimmy. He was one of the best men I had. I wouldn't have had this happen——"

The horror of the scene was at last beginning to filter through numbness into Wallace Carpenter's impressionable imagination.

"No, no!" he cried, vehemently. "There is something criminal about it to me! I'd rather lose every log in the river!"

Thorpe looked at him curiously. "It is one of the chances of war," said he.

"I'd better divide the crew and take in both banks of the river," suggested Wallace.

"See if you can't get volunteers from this crowd," suggested Thorpe. "I can let you have two men to show you trails. I need as many of the crew as possible to use this flood water."

"Oh, Harry!" cried Carpenter, shocked. "You can't be going to work again today before we have made the slightest effort to recover the bodies!"

"If the bodies can be recovered, they shall be," replied Thorpe, quietly; "but the drive will not wait. We have no dams to depend on now, you must remember, and we shall have to get out on the freshet water."

"Your men won't work. I'd refuse just as they will!" cried Carpenter, his sensibilities still suffering.

Thorpe smiled proudly. "You do not know them."

"By jove!" cried the journalist, in sudden enthusiasm. "By jove! that is magnificent!"

The men on the river crew had crouched on their narrow footholds while the jam went out. Each had clung to his peavey, as is the habit of rivermen. Down the current past their feet swept the debris of flood. Soon logs began to swirl by—at first few, then many—from the remaining rollways which the river had automatically broken. In a little time the eddy caught up some of these logs, and immediately another jam threatened. The rivermen, without hesitation, as calmly as though catastrophe had not thrown the weight of its moral terror against their stoicism, sprang, peavey in hand, to the insistent work.

Thorpe's face lit with gratification. He turned to the young man.

"You see," he said, in proud simplicity.

With the added danger of freshet water the work went on.

At this moment Tim Shearer approached from inland, his clothes dripping wet, but his face retaining its habitual expression of iron calmness. "Anybody caught?" was his first question as he drew near.

"Five men under the face," replied Thorpe briefly.

Shearer cast a glance at the river. He needed to be told no more.

"I was afraid of it," said he. "The rollways must all be broken out. It's saved us that much, but the freshet water won't last long. It's going to be a close squeak to get 'em out now. Don't exactly figure on what struck the dam. Thought first I'd go right up that way, but then I came down to see about the boys."

"Where were you?" asked Thorpe.

"On the pole trail. I got in a little, as you see."

In reality the foreman had had a close call for his life.

"We'd better go up and take a look," he suggested. "Th' boys has things going here all right."

The two men turned toward the brush.

"Hi, Tim!" called a voice behind them.

Red Jacket appeared, clambering up the cliff.

"Jack told me to give this to you," he panted, holding out a chunk of strangely twisted wood.

"Where'd he get this?" inquired Thorpe, quickly. "It's a piece of the dam," he explained to Wallace, who had drawn near.

"Picked it out of the current," replied the man.

The foreman and his boss bent eagerly over the morsel. Then they stared with solemnity into each other's eyes.

"Dynamite! by God!" exclaimed Shearer.

This truthful and intensely interesting story of life and love and labor in the great pine woods will be continued next week. Any one subscribing regularly for the Ledger is entitled to receive the cameras and patterns offered free on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Economy

Is a strong point with Hood's Sarsaparilla. A bottle lasts longer and does more good than any other. It is the only medicine of which can truly be said 100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

I WILL TELL Your Future in Love, Business, Marriage, with Photo of Future Husband or Wife, Luckystone pin, all for 10c and birth date. DR. G. DAVEY, X 278, Boston, Mass.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

LEARN SIGN PAINTING in 2 HOURS and make $3 a day. Diploma and full particulars FREE. UNION Sign Co., Box X, WATERTOWN, N. Y.

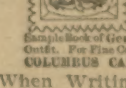
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

PILES Instant relief, final cure in a few days and never returns; no purge, no salve, no suppository. Remedy mailed free. Address C. J. MASON, Box 519, New York, N. Y.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. B 2 Lebanon, Ohio.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.



CARDS You can earn your choice of a large assortment of Beautiful Premiums, or a Liberal Cash Commission for selling our Lovely Hidden Name, Envelope, Gold Beveled Edge, Silk Fringe and Plain Calling Cards. Send 2c stamp for New Sample Book of Genuine Cards, Big premium Catalogue and Agents Complete Outfit. For Fine Cards, Low Prices and Promptness, We Lead the World. COLUMBUS CARD CO., 48 F. STREET, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

CANCER CURED
WITH SOOTHING, BALMY OILS.
Cancer, Tumor, Catarrh, Piles, Fistula, Ulcer and all Skin and Womb Diseases. Write for Illustrated Book. Sent free. Address DR. BYE, Kansas City, Mo.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Under the Bamboo Tree! In the Good Old Summertime, Bill Bailey, On a Sunday Afternoon, Go Way Back and Sit Down, One Night in June, Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder, Mr. Dooley, Where the Sweet Magnolia Bloom, I Was Certainly Present in', Dolly Gray, Oo-Oo-Koo-Koo-Koo-koo, Coon, On a Moonlight Winter's Night, also the $10,000 song success "HIAWATHA" and 30 other Very Latest Song Hits (no parody imitations) Ragtime, Coon, Comic, Sentimental, Love, War, Sacred, the best collection of genuine songs to be had, including 8 of Chas. K. Harris' also 2 pieces music, value $1.00 Free Bill good for $1 worth of our goods and a PRIZE COUPON which entitles you to a Ladies Watch Chain and Charm free. ALL for only 10 cents. Stamps 20c. Address STAR MUSIC CO. 1634 Ohio St., CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE GOLD WATCH This modern watch with American movement, fully warranted to keep perfect time, has Solid Gold-plated Engraved case, equal in appearance to Solid Gold Watch, guaranteed 25 yrs. It is given ABSOLUTELY FREE to boys or girls or anyone for selling 24 pieces handsome ART jewelry at 10c each. Write to-day and we send jewelry with large Premium List postpaid. When sold send us $2.40 and the watch and chain are POSITIVELY sent you by return mail. U. S. MFG. CO., Dept. 21, 253 Rosco Street, Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

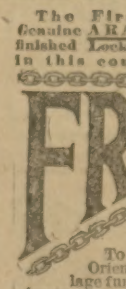
CAN'T YOU SAVE ENOUGH from your earnings to pay for that house? You can and live well besides. Learn how. **MILLS SLOT MACHINES WILL EARN YOUR LIVING** Full Particulars Free. We are the largest Manufacturers of Legitimate Coin-Operating Devices in the world. Write today. MILLS NOVELTY CO., Dept. X, Chicago

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FALLING HAIR AND BALDNESS ABSOLUTELY CURED

There is but one way to tell the reason of baldness and falling hair, and that is by a microscopic examination of the hair itself. The particular disease with which your scalp is afflicted must be known before it can be intelligently treated. The use of dandruff cures and hair tonics, without knowing the specific cause of your disease, is like taking medicine without knowing what you are trying to cure. Send three fallen hairs from your combings to Prof. J. H. Austin, the celebrated Bacteriologist, who will send you absolutely free a diagnosis of your case, a booklet on care of the hair and scalp, and a sample box of the remedy which he will prepare specially for you. Enclose 2c postage and write to-day. PROF. J. H. AUSTIN, 526 McVicker's Bldg., Chicago, Ill

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.



The First and only Genuine ARABIAN GOLD finished Locket ever offered in this country FREE.

FREE Odorized from extracts of millions of roses and leaves a delicate, lasting odor on every article it touches. To quickly advertise and introduce our Oriental perfumes, one in every town or village furnished reliable persons who will promise to show it. Enclose stamp help pay postage. ORIENTAL PERFUME CO., New York City, 27 3d Avenue; sample depot 130

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE SAMPLE of GOLDEN ROD as it comes from the mine. It's Yours for the Asking. ORE

It will give you a good idea of the wonderful richness of our Bonanza Mines. We own what we consider to be Eleven of the Richest Gold Claims ever staked—among them being the Mineral Hill Group of Idaho, and rich properties in the famous Thunder Mountain Districts. We have a well-developed working mine with 20,000 tons of ore ready to stope. Assays run $73 to $963 a ton. More money is needed for further development.

$15 Will buy $100 Worth of Stock

full paid and non-assessable, which should in the near future be worth $500 and pay big dividends. Get in on the ground floor. Monthly payments if desired. Write for G. R. prospectus, Map and Engineer's Reports, also booklet "How to Judge Stocks," free. Address

UNION SECURITY CO.,
389 Gaff Building, Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

All the Damages He Wanted.

"Hello, Ridgely! How did you come out with that damage suit you had against Burke?"

"Got all I asked for and some besides."

"Why, how was that?"

"The jury awarded me the sum I sued for and Burke met me on the street next day and gave me additional damages to the amount of $150, doctor's estimate."

Proud Uncle.

Proud Mamma—You haven't kissed the baby.

Bachelor Uncle—Um—er—I'll try to remember next time. I'll kiss her when I—er—come back from China.

"When will that be?"

"Let—me—see. In about sixteen years."

Bad Selection.

Moneybags—How did your banquet go off, Banklurk?

Banklurk—Not as well as it might, you know. The toastmaster called on a gentleman who had lost an arm and a leg to answer to the toast, "Our absent members."

In the Whirl.

"Boston has a new theater called the Hub."

"It ought to be the busy section."

"Why?"

"So much going around it."

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS WANTED to introduce and sell our line of Hydro-carbon Lamps and Lighting Systems. Seventy-five styles. The Best and Cheapest Artificial Light Obtainable for Town and Country Homes, Churches, Stores, Halls and Street Lighting. Odorless, simple to operate, and absolutely safe. Profitable employment for the winter season at home or on the road. Write for catalogue, prices and particulars. Address
AMERICAN LIGHTING CO.,
112 Michigan Street,
Dept, "O." Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

LEARN to make Mirrors and make big money at home. Partic. for stamp. MacMasters, D36, Peru, Ind.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$75 Month and Expenses; no experience needed; position permanent; self-seller. PEASE Mfg. Co., Sta'n O, Cincinnati, O
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

STARK TREES best by Test—78 YEARS. We WANT MORE SALESMEN PAY CASH Weekly
Stark Nursery, Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N. Y.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

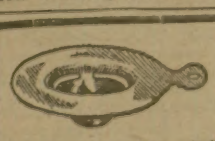
$32 A WEEK SALARY AND ALL EXPENSES for men with rigs to introduce POULTRY COMPOUND.
IMPERIAL MFG. CO DEPT. 1 PARSONS, KANS.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

DETECTIVE Shrewd, reliable man wanted in every locality. Act under orders; no experience necessary. For full particulars write
American Detective Ass'n Indianapolis, Ind.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED in every county in the state to sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Good commission paid. From $75 to $300 a month can be made. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Co., No. 24 Bar St., Canton, O
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

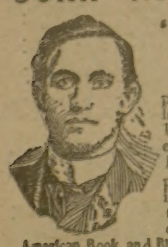
$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once.
ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1101. Detroit, Mich.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Free Gold Watch
This fully warranted Solid Gold Plated Watch, equal in appearance to a $25.00 Gold Filled Watch warranted 20 years, is given FREE to Boys and Girls or anyone for selling 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c. each. Send your address and we will send the jewelry postpaid, when sold send us the $2 and we will positively send you the watch, also a chain for quick work. Write to-day
BOND JEWELRY CO., DEPT. 24, CHICAGO.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.



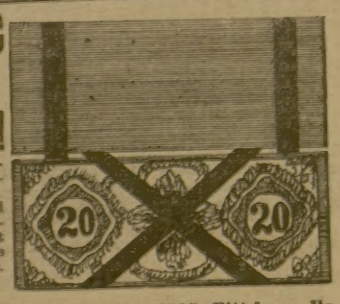
Special Price Only.... 10c.
PITTSBURGH EGG SEPARATOR
It separates the white of the egg from the yolk without breaking the yolk. Necessary in all cooking where eggs are used. No kitchen complete without one. Price only 10c. for sample.
Agents Wanted. | W. C. WATKINS, Box 1505, - Pittsburgh, Pa.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

John Mitchell's Book
"ORGANIZED LABOR."



AGENTS WANTED!
Every phase of this tremendous problem discussed by the greatest labor leader in the world. Every Union man buys at sight; also employers and all reading people. Big terms; also $1500 in cash prizes for agents. Workers clearing $5.00 to $15.00 daily. We are the exclusive publishers. Address quick for terms and territory
American Book and Bible House, 146 N. Tenth St., Phila., Pa.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MAGIC BILL BOOK!
An entertaining and useful article. Can be used as any ordinary pocket book. Sample by mail 15c.
AGENTS WANTED.
W. C. WATKINS & CO., Box 1505, Pittsburg Pa
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger



ORIGIN

Of a Famous Human Food.

The story of great discoveries or inventions is always of interest.

An active brain worker who found himself hampered by lack of bodily strength and vigor and could not carry out the plans and enterprises he knew how to conduct, was led to study various foods and their effects upon the human system. In other words before he could carry out his plans he had to find a food that would carry him along and renew his physical and mental strength.

He knew that a food that was a brain and nerve builder (rather than a mere fat maker), was universally needed. He knew that meat with the average man does not accomplish the desired results. He knew that the soft gray substance in brain and nerve centers is made from Albumen and Phosphate of Potash obtained from food. Then he started to solve the problem.

Careful and extensive experiments evolved Grape-Nuts, the now famous food. Grape-Nuts contain the brain and nerve building food elements in condition for easy digestion. The result of eating Grape-Nuts daily is easily seen in a marked sturdiness and activity of the brain and nervous system, making it a pleasure for one to carry on the daily duties without fatigue or exhaustion. The food is in no sense a stimulant but is simply food which renews and replaces the daily waste of brain and nerves.

Its flavoring is charming and being fully and thoroughly cooked at the factory it is served instantly with cream.

The signature of the brain worker spoken of, C. W. Post, is to be seen on each genuine package of Grape-Nuts.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Awkard if Correct.

"Which is correct—'pants' or 'trousers?'"

"Trousers."

"But it doesn't seem right to say that 'his breath came in short trousers.'"

The Story of Phoebe Snow.

If you have ever taken a summer railroad trip you will enjoy the "Story of Phoebe Snow," which describes in a series of dainty pictures the experiences of a pretty girl who went to Buffalo. The illustrations are in seven colors, each reproducing a design of the girl in white which the Lackawanna Railroad has made so familiar in the last few months. The booklet has a particularly pleasing cover and will afford considerable amusement beside giving information which every traveler ought to know. It will be sent in response to request accompanied by two cents in stamps to T. W. Lee, General Passenger Agent, New York City.

How He Proposed.

Miss Charmer—How did Fred propose?

Miss Millyun—He said he didn't know what he would do unless he got some money right away.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALING.

ONE MILLION CURED CASES.

You Can Be Cured Whether You Believe in Christian Science or Not.

Over a million cases of disease in every form are now to the credit of Christian Science Healing. Most of these were cases that the doctors had given up as "incurable." Many more were chronic maladies that had baffled their skill for years. All were quickly cured; some were cured instantly. The evidence on these facts is simply indisputable and the curing still goes on. There can be no mistake or misstatement about it. The healers and their work are in public view. As a C. S. healer my many marvelous cures have startled the world. During the past 12 years I have healed diseases of almost every known kind and in every stage of severity. They included many surgical cases where operations were otherwise threatened. I cured cases that were far away from me, as well as those near at hand. And I tell you in like manner that wherever you may dwell, whether one or many physicians have failed to give you relief, if you report the case to me and so desire, you shall be cured. This is no vain or idle promise. My past success fully justifies it. You can be cured whether you believe in Christian Science or not. You can be cured whether in this city or thousands of miles away from me. In our Christian Science Healing distance is of no account; disbelief is not any hindrance; disappointments of the past only make stronger grounds for hope. All you really need is the wish to be healed.

I have just published a little book in regard to this blessed truth called "A Message of Health and Healing." If you write to me I will gladly send you a copy free. It gives many interesting facts and convincing testimonials. Enclose 2-cent stamp for postage. S. A. Jefferson, C. S. B., Suite 604, 112 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

Social Equality.

Foreign Attache—Are they on the same plane socially?

American—Oh, yes; they exchange snubs regularly.

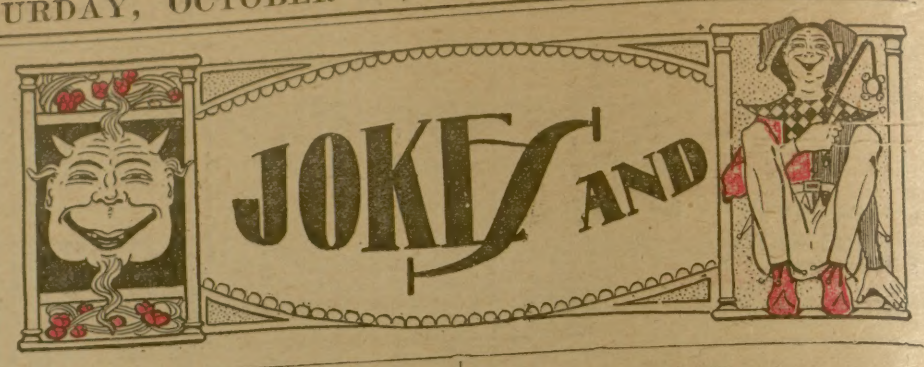
A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent. permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Rattling Good Joke.

Farmer (in a side show, looking around in alarm)—Gosh! where's all the rattlesnakes?

Lecturer—Don't be alarmed, my friend. It's only our living skeleton, who is suffering from the ague, you hear.



Before and After.

Willie—Pa, you don't get chestnuts until after there's a frost, do you?

Pa—Except in the case of a farce-comedy, my son. Then the chestnuts come first and the frost afterward.

A Choice of Evils.

"You'll be sorry some day that you didn't get married if you don't."

"Well, I'd rather not be married and be sorry I wasn't than to be married and be sorry I was."

In 1999.

An extract from a conversation in 1999:

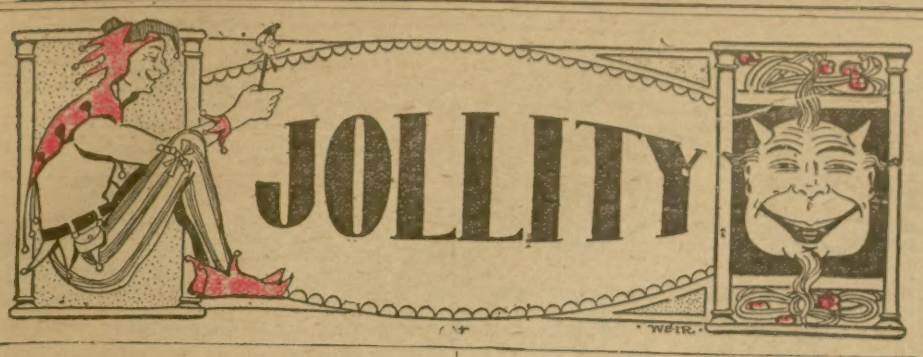
"I understand Smashalong's new motor car was wrecked today."

"Yes; it saw a horse and got so frightened it fell over a cliff."

Practical Esthetics.

Friend—Why do you have all your ceilings and walls finished in crimson?

Mrs. Suburb (of New Jersey)—That's so we can slap mosquitoes without making a splotch.



Saving His Money.

Canvasser—Can't I interest you in the latest edition of "Household Economy?"

Head of House—No, sir; my wife has just bought six Parisian gowns and I must begin to economize.

No Deception.

She—Why should the average woman lead people to believe she's younger than she really is?

He—She doesn't. She merely tries to.

Depends on Size.

Teacher—Now, Johnny, I think I have shown you how wicked it is to fight. Tell me what you would do should a boy call you bad names. You wouldn't notice him, would you?

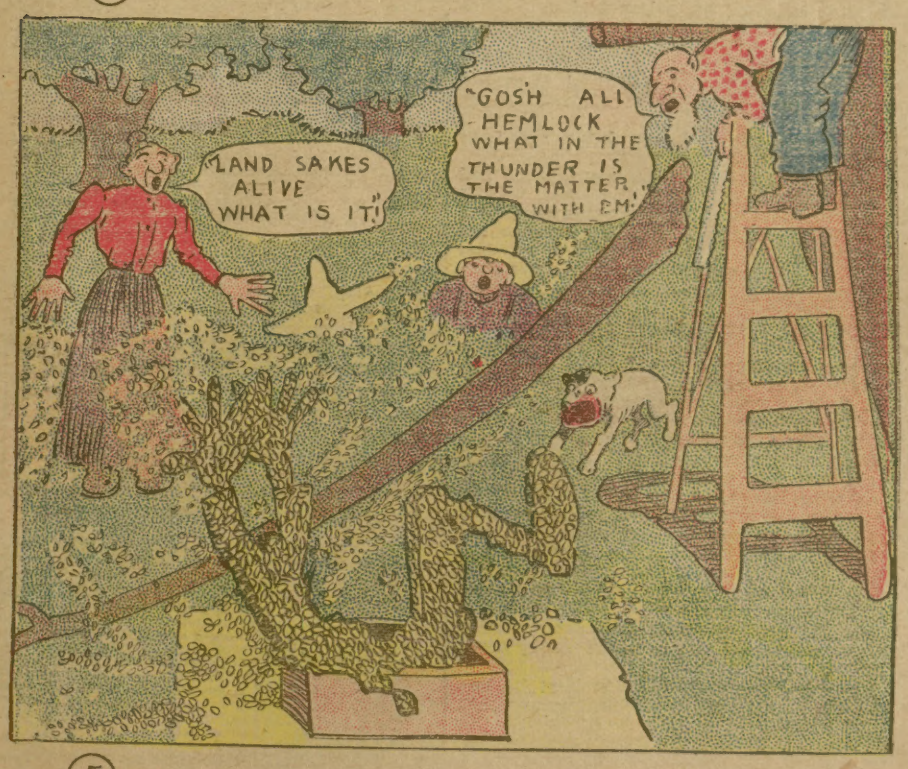
Johnny—How big is the boy, teacher?

So He Could Reach Her.

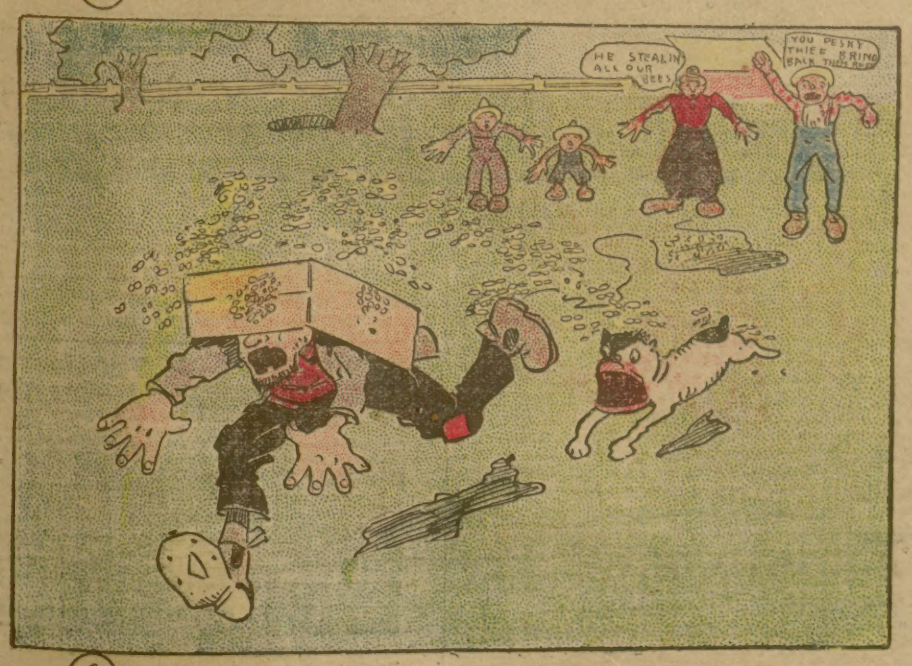
He—How low shall I turn down the gas?

She—Low enough so that you can feel your way around.

4



5



6

$1.00 Big Stove Offer.

If you can use the best big 500-pound steel range made in the world or the best coal or wood heating stove ever made, and are willing to have either stove placed in your own home on three month's free trial, just cut this notice out and send to SEARS, ROEBUCK & Co., Chicago, and you will receive free by return mail big pictures of both stoves, also many other cooking and heating stoves; you will also receive the most wonderful $1.00 steel range and heating stove offer, an offer that places the best steel range or heating stove in the home of any family, such an offer that no family in the land, no matter what their circumstances may be, or how small their income, need be without the best cooking or heating stove made.

In a Picture Gallery.

Dauber—Halloo! I see you looking at old Blobber's picture.

Hankins—Blobber's! I thought it was yours. Pretty rotten, isn't it?

A Preacher's Discovery.

A Prominent Minister of Atlanta, Ga., Is the Discoverer of a Wonderful Cure for All Catarrhal Diseases.

Rev. J. W. Blosser, M. D., Atlanta, Ga., is the discoverer of a successful remedy for the cure of Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, Bronchitis, and Asthma. It consists of a combination of medicinal herbs, roots and leaves, which are smoked in a common clean pipe—the fumes being inhaled into the throat and lungs and exhaled through the nose. While the manner of its use is simple, yet, no other means can so easily reach and cure the disease in all its forms.

Dr. Blosser offers to mail a three days' sample to any sufferer who will write to him for it. If your case is a stubborn one and you desire special advice, he makes no extra charge. This remedy has met with wonderful success, curing cases of 15, 20 and 25 years' standing.

If you wish a box containing a month's treatment, send $1.00, and it will be forwarded, postage paid. Address, Dr. Blosser Company, 27 Walton St., Atlanta, Ga.

Too Talented.

Smith—Why is it that intellectual women do not make good mothers?

Brown—They don't usually get a chance, my boy.

A Whole Year Free.

A Popular Illustrated Story Paper Given Away.

We want names to whom we may send sample copies of our handsome illustrated story magazine. Send us five names and for your trouble we will send you our beautiful magazine a whole year free providing you include ten cents in your letter to pay cost of mailing. Everybody is pleased with our magazine; it is full of good stories, and has breezy, up-to-date departments of interest to the whole family. Don't miss this chance to get it free. Tell all your friends. This is a special offer for 30 days to introduce the magazine to new readers. Address Push Magazine, 707 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.

An Antithesis.

Nellie—Oh, these hard words! Pa, what is an antithesis?

Pa—It is the contrast of extremes; for instance, your mother has put the "God Bless Our Home" motto right over the piano.

Distressing Stomach Disease.

Quickly cured to stay cured by the masterly power of Drake's Palmetto Wine. Invalids no longer suffer from this dreadful malady, because this remarkable remedy cures absolutely every form of stomach trouble. It is a cure for the whole world of stomach weakness and constipation, as well as a regulator of the kidneys and liver.

Only one dose a day, and a cure begins with the first dose. No matter how long or how much you have suffered you are certain of cure with one small dose a day of Drake's Palmetto Wine, and to convince you of this fact the Drake Formula Company, 96 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill., will send a trial bottle of Drake's Palmetto Wine free and prepaid to every reader of the Chicago Ledger who desires to make a thorough test of this splendid tonic Palmetto remedy. A postal card or letter will be your only expense.

Two of a Kind.

She—Who is that man you just bowed to?

He—Oh, he's an artist.

She—And who is the man with him?

He—He hasn't any money, either.

AGENTS WANTED

FREE **MERRY GO-ROUND FREE!** Have You Ever Been to the Circus and Ridden in the Merry Go-Round? Here is a chance to own a miniature Merry Go-Round, with 6 chair platform, decorated in gold, with ball bearing centre pole, striped canopy, shade and golden dome, and American flag on top, like picture. This Merry-Go-Round is made to run without complicated mechanism and is indestructible, built upon solid wood foundation base and will be shipped by express to anyone selling only 10 of my handsome Art Pictures at 25 cents each and remitting $2.50 when sold. No trouble to sell these pictures, which are handsome art productions in 10 to 17 colors. You can easily sell them among your neighbors who will be glad to help you earn it. We mean what we say and will positively send the miniature Merry Go-Round at once when you remit for the pictures. You can set it up anywhere and will be a constant source of pleasure and amusement. Send name and get the 10 pictures at once, which will be sent postpaid without one cent in advance. Address E. L. CUMMIS, 68 Washington St., Dept. 29 CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS $500 Per Month made selling Stransky's patent for making smokeless gunpowder at 10c. per pound. Particulars free. J. A. STRANSKY, Box 61, PUKWANA, S.D.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MARRIED LADY AGENTS wanted to sell household remedies put up from prescriptions of famous Physicians. Full information on receipt of postal request. Pean. Remedy Co., 123 Liberty St., New York

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FINE OIL PORTRAITS, likeness guaranteed, with fine frame made especially for same, size 16-20, all for $4.00. Roosevelt and Wife with capitol, size 16-20, grand seller. Sample 10c, $3.50 per 100. Write now. Kurz Art Co., 978 N. Clark St., Chicago

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$6 A DAY FOR YOU and pleasant employment at spare time selling PROF. LONG'S MAGNETIC COMB Everybody buys on sight; 32 kinds to select from; beautiful; unbreakable. New discovery, fully guaranteed to remove dandruff, stop hair from falling out, cures headaches, and makes fluffy, curly hair; 500 sample mailed for 25c. Exclusive territory given men or women. Experience unnecessary. Free information. PROF. LONG, 56 Ash Street, Pekin, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED.

Either Sex. No canvassing. No soliciting. No time from your regular occupation. No one will know you are my representative. No capital, outfit or experience needed. Easy, permanent, honorable and profitable work that can be done at home. Address J. W. KIDD, Key 7003 Ft. Wayne, Ind

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE THIS BEAUTIFUL AIR RIFLE shoots B. B. shot with great force, and is just the gun for small game or target practice. Barrel is nicely nickeled and stock is of wood with mahogany finish. SENT, ALL PREPAID, to any boy for selling 18 of our beautiful scarf-pins at 10c. each. We trust you. New England Supply Co, Ledge St. West Hanafield, Mass.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WANTED RELIABLE MEN in every locality throughout the United States to introduce our goods, tacking up show cards on trees, fences, along roads and all conspicuous places, also distributing small advertising matter. Commission or salary $60.00 per month and expenses not to exceed $2.50 per day. Steady employment to good, honest, reliable men. No experience needed. Write for full particulars. EMPIRE MEDICINE COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE GOLD WATCH

This watch has American movement fully warranted to keep correct time. The case is Solid Gold Plated, equal in appearance to a Gold Filled Watch warranted 20 years. We give it FREE to Boys and Girls or anyone for selling 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c each. Send your address and we will send the jewelry postpaid, when sold send us the $2 and we will positively send you the watch and chain. ERIE MFG. CO., Dept. 57 Chicago

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$100. to $300. MONTHLY.

Men and women. Salesmen, Managers and General Agents. Delightful business year round. Hustlers getting rich. Write today for brand-new plan and Special Offer this month. 100 per cent profits. No risk. Goods well advertised. National reputation. Fully guaranteed. Customers delighted. We're an old firm, capital $100,000.00. Catalogue FREE. Any energetic man or woman can get good position, paying big wages. WORLD MFG. CO., 81 World Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

A WOMAN'S OFFER TO WOMEN.

I have a first-class position to offer one lady in each locality. It is the opportunity of a lifetime whereby you can turn your spare time into money. The work is very pleasant and will easily pay $15 to $25 per week. It is a plain, straightforward, honest position I have to offer and if you really want to make money, write me at once.

Miss Mabel E. Rush, Box 208, Joliet, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BIG MAIL FREE!

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an Agents' Directory List containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agents' Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address

AGENTS' DIRECTORY LIST, INDIANA INDIANA COUNTY. PA.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BE CAREFUL, LADIES!

There was gathered, some time ago, an exceedingly brilliant audience in Berlin, to listen to a popular lecture on chemistry, in the progress of which several experiments of a very interesting character were introduced. The audience was a highly intellectual one, and gave the most profound attention to the celebrated chemist who was engaged to instruct and entertain them. The ladies of Berlin are very beautiful as a rule, but travelers speak especially of the remarkable clearness and freshness of color which characterizes their complexions. This is not at all surprising where the blonde is so general.

The lecture was replete with interest, and the experiments were of the most charming and successful character. The audience was delighted beyond measure, especially the ladies, who declared the professor to be a perfect love of a man, and they nearly ruined their four-buttoned kids in the process of rapturous applause. The lecturer was a rather young man, and very good-looking, to be sure, which may have added somewhat to the natural enthusiasm of the female portion of the audience. Besides this, the professor had a winning way of addressing himself to the ladies, rather than to the gentlemen, of his very select audience. Though a young man and a chemist, he was also a student of human nature, and he knew if he pleased the ladies the indorsement of the gentlemen was a natural sequence.

From the nature of the illustrative experiments, at one time it was necessary to extinguish the lights in the lecture room, or very nearly so, except those which were on the platform occupied by the professor, so that the auditorium was quite dark. But now that the exceedingly interesting experiments had been given, it was possible once more to admit light into all parts of the well-filled hall, and the janitor was instructed to restore the jets which had been so carefully turned down for the time being.

But what has happened? Why this commotion among the ladies? Why does nearly every other one hastily draw down her veil and otherwise screen her face? It seems very odd, and there is a low titter resounding from all sides. Finally, even the professor was seen to turn away his face from the audience and to indulge in a quiet expression of laughter.

Ladies were seen making frantic efforts under their veils with their handkerchiefs, some hastily arose to go out, and others turned toward the wall, where that was possible, but there were a few too obtuse to notice all this, or who thought it best to appear so, and who only looked straight before them and talked about the beautiful experiments which they had just witnessed. These ladies, however, either unwittingly or otherwise, betrayed the secret trouble with their sex all over the hall. It was a curious sight to behold. The rouge on their cheeks had become perfectly blue in consequence of the chemical decomposition occasioned by the gas which the professor had freely used in making some of his experiments. It was really too bad, some faces being in all the colors of the rainbow.

However, as each one struggled in active operation with her handkerchief, and in an earnest but vain endeavor to remove the hideous blotches, she had at least the consolation in her stifled vexation, of being amply revenged by the situation of the other ladies present. Some of these, who had manufactured for themselves ivory complexions, rosy cheeks, coral lips, and ebony eyebrows, were so transformed as to look like peacocks. It is said to have been really surprising to see how rapidly that lecture hall was emptied of the audience. Some persons are ill-natured enough to think that a lecture from the professor would produce a similar effect in other cities besides that of Berlin.

Clever Little Stories.

Lord Charles Beresford was once breakfasting in a small country hotel and accidentally upset a cup of coffee over the clean white tablecloth, which the good lady of the house had dug up from her most sacred linen cupboard for the benefit of the British admiral. Unfortunately the upsetting of the steaming coffee also upset the lady's temper and she soundly rated Lord Charles for his want of tact. "It's a good thing for you," she said, "that the coffee has not left much stain on my cloth." "It was too weak, madam," replied the admiral. "You'll have to stain your coffee before you can expect to stain your table linen. Use more beans, ma'am; use more beans."

At Newport last summer George J. Gould went aboard a battleship which was surrounded by a multitude of little boats, filled with curious spectators bent on seeing all that could be seen. There was a young officer on board who must have sat down accidentally on a fresh-painted bench or something of that kind, says Mr. Gould, "for his white duck trousers were very dirty. He, though, was not aware of it. He moved among the ladies gallantly and his trousers were an eyesore. Finally some one on one of the little boats below in a stentorian Irish voice shouted: 'Och, mister, wouldn't yer ducks be better for a shwim?'"

A New England farmer sold a pair of oxen to a brother farmer, who inquired before purchasing if they were "breachy." "They've never bothered me," answered the farmer. The purchase was concluded, but in a few days the purchaser had suffered considerable damage to his fences from these same oxen. Indignant, he confronted the man who sold them. "I asked you if they were 'breachy,'" he exclaimed, "and you said they'd never bothered you." "Well," answered the other man, "I never allow that kind of thing to bother me."

Overheard on the Pier.

Ernie—I think Belle has succeeded in catching Charlie Dash. But he is so awfully green.

Ida—Well, you know, all lobsters are green when they are caught.

LINKS OF LOVE AND GOLD;

Or, The Grey-Osmond Duel.

By Colonel Prentiss Ingraham.

(Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. 35, Aug. 29. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Once I loved Gerald Grey with all the strength of my soul!" cried Bonnie Bess, "now I hate him as deeply as I once loved him!"

"Well," said the man, as the woman paused.

"Well, this earth is too small for that man and me to live in. He must die."

"Bessie, what do you mean?"

"I mean that Gerald Grey must die. If you love me, you will kill him."

The man sprang to his feet and paced the room in a quick, nervous manner.

"Bessie, Mr. Grey has always been very kind to me. He has helped me out of several scrapes," he said, reproachfully.

"If your friendship for him is greater than your proffered love for me, we will drop the subject," said the woman, coldly.

"No; we will talk it over; but it—the blood on my hands I hate. Human blood won't wash off, Bessie."

"You already, by your own confession, have taken life."

"True; but that was because I was in a tight place—a policeman cornered me and I shot him down to escape. This is a cold-blooded murder you ask me to do."

"Can you not attack him at night?"

"No; he's game all over, and a dead shot. They'd fetch me home on a shutter and give him a puff in the newspapers."

"Then you must use strategy."

"Is there no hope of your love other than by this deed?"

"None."

The man was silent a moment. A terrible struggle was going on within him. Then he said, sadly:

"I will do as you wish, Bessie."

"When?"

"When do you wish it done?"

"Tonight."

"That is a short time."

"Yes."

"Give me longer, please."

"Tomorrow night."

"Very well; now, how is it to be done?"

"You once worked in the office of Mr. Grey, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Then go down and get Mr. Grey to remain in his office till late, under some pretense of seeing some business man. You are a good writer—you forge successfully—so write a letter from some prominent business man you know, making an engagement with Mr. Grey at his office; then get the clerks all away."

"But the porter will remain to shut up the office?"

"A little money will send him off on some errand. If you need gold, I have plenty."

"No; thank you; I have all I need. Now I will go out and reconnoiter. If successful, you will become my wife?"

"Yes; when Gerald Grey is dead; but be careful of yourself."

A smile of pleasure crossed the man's face at this admonition, and he left the house to lay his plans for the murder of a fellow being—and this he was to do for the love of a woman.

As if to aid the intended assassin, chance detained Gerald Grey in his office until late in the afternoon, and then, as he was leaving a note came by a city messenger, from a merchant, who begged Mr. Grey to await his coming at seven o'clock, as he wished to consult with him on a most important matter of mutual interest.

Gerald Grey returned to his office and lighting a cigar, sat down to while away the time in thought.

One by one the clerks left the establishment, and darkness crept slowly into the office; but still Gerald kept his seat.

At length, in the dim light, he looked at his watch, and saw that it was eight o'clock.

He had kept his appointment and would wait no longer, so he arose to go.

The porter had asked for leave to go half an hour before, Gerald promising to lock the doors after him.

Leaving the inner office, Gerald walked into the main room, and as he did so there was a bright flash, a sharp report, and Gerald Grey staggered backward and fell to the floor.

The next instant a form bounded toward him, from behind a desk in the corner, and bent over him.

As he did so his eyes caught too late the sight of an uplifted hand, which held something like a weapon.

The man attempted to spring back, but the flash and report came together, and he fell heavily upon the form of the man he had attempted to kill.

Throwing the dead weight from him, Gerald Grey arose to his feet, muttering:

"That was a narrow escape, and a lucky thought to play possum. His bullet grazed my cheek; but who can he be?"

Reentering his office, he struck a match; turned on and lighted the gas, and dragged the fallen man into full view.

"By Heaven! It is Ross Sherman. Poor fellow, he has attempted to kill and rob a fellow who befriended him. Wild as he was, I did not believe this of him. But he is dead—my aim never fails me. I will go and look up an officer."

The officer was soon found, the body turned over to his keeping, and Gerald Grey was again made a hero in the morning papers.

* * * * * * *

Maud Forrester's grief for her lost husband was deep and lasting; yet Time, that great healer of hearts, as well as flesh wounds, gradually softened her sorrow, and her suffering became less poignant.

True, the singing of the birds, the murmuring of the river, the sunsets and moonlights, all reminded her of poor Calvert; but they also toned down her grief.

If the sun shone brightly and the moon fell softly on the grave of Calvert Forrester buried far away in a foreign land, she felt that one day the same moonlight and sunlight would fall upon her grave.

Then she received so many little kindnesses from Gerald Grey. He sent her all the readable magazines and papers, the last novels, boxes of candies and fruits, and wrote her once a week such long, friendly letters.

A year had passed since the death of Calvert, just one year, and Maud sauntered out upon that anniversary eve for a long walk along the river bank.

She carried not with her, as was her wont, either book or work; she wished to commune with her own sad thoughts, to sit where often she and Calvert had sat together, and have a good cry; she would feel better after it.

Seating herself upon a fallen tree, near the river, she gave way to her grief.

And while she sat there a man rode up to Riverside Cottage and dismounted.

Farmer Melville was away in the town, but Mrs. Melville greeted the visitor most warmly, and told him that Maud had gone for a stroll along the river bank.

A few minutes after, he followed her, and soon came in sight of the beautiful young widow, her head buried in her hands, a picture of deepest sorrow.

"Maud!"

The woman sprang to her feet, and with a glad cry sprang forward to greet the man before her.

It was Gerald Grey.

Quickly the tears were dashed from her eyes, and smiles broke through like an April sun.

"Oh! I am so glad you have come—so glad!" and she clasped both his hands.

"Yes; I have come to see you, Maud; but I find you in tears," said the man, with a strange softness in his voice, and he turned his strangely fascinating eyes full upon the woman.

"It is just one year today since poor Calvert was buried," she said, with a tremor in her voice.

"I know it; that is why I sought you today."

"It was very kind of you."

"No; it was selfish, for I have come, Maud, to tell you again that I love you—that you are dearer to me now than ever before. When you married Calvert, I uttered no reproach; nay, did not once let you see that the old love still clung to me. But a year has passed since his death—a year and a half since you saw him—and I must speak, I must tell you that you hold my heart in the hollow of your tiny hand. And I ask for your love in return; I ask that you become my wife—be to me all that you were to poor Calvert."

Maud's head was bowed; her eyes were filled with tears. But she heard every word he uttered.

He had become very dear to her; he had once saved her from some unknown peril; he had ever won her respect, and in her suffering and sorrow had been her dearest friend.

She had loved him as she would love a brother; but the love that has no rival had all gone out to Calvert Forrester, and that love was buried in Australia.

Yet life was still pleasant to her. She still looked just as beautiful, the birds sang just as sweetly as they did before Calvert died.

Must she hide herself forever from the world? Must she let this man go from her when she felt that she could make him so happy?

No; she would banish her grief, think no more of self, and become the wife of Gerald Grey.

In calm patience he waited for her answer. At last it came—slowly, softly, yet honestly given:

"Mr. Grey, did I say I did not love you, I would tell an untruth, for I do; but it is not the love I gave Calvert—that was my life, my all. But he is dead, and you are left to me, and I will not drive you from me, for it would grieve me as well as you. If you are willing, three months from today, I will become your wife."

Gerald Grey's heart gave a mighty throb and he drew Maud towards him with a joy that was visible in every feature of his face.

Thus were these two betrothed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

When Calvert Forrester fell before the fire of the Bushrangers he was supposed to be dead; but when he was dragged into the cabin life was found not to be extinct, though he had a terrible wound in his side.

"It'll kill him sartin as pizen, and the chief'll be mad as a 'ornet, kase he didn't want him kilt until he seed him," said one of the men in the cabin.

"Wall, what's to be did about it?" asked another; "he showed fight, and didn't he put the lights out of——"

"Durn yer racket, whar's the use o' talkin' now, call ther doctor and see ef ther feller's goin' ter die," said a gruff voice, and in obedience to an order from some one, a short, stout man entered the room—a man whose actions at once proved him to have been, at one time in his life, a man of medicine.

"See ef he's gone up, doc; ef so, we'll emigrate at onst."

"No; he's badly wounded, but the wound is not necessarily fatal. See, I have extracted the bullet," and the doctor held up the ball, which he had taken from the wound with the aid of a small surgical instrument he carried with him.

"Good! Now, he'll stand a trip on the stretcher?" asked a man who seemed to act as the leader of the party.

"Yes; if carefully handled. I will dress the wound well first."

"That's all right; now aid us to strip him of his clothes. Then fetch in Carr's body from the other cabin. It's just what we want, for our lamented partner shall be dressed up to represent this gentleman, for he's got to play a part if he is dead."

The exchange of clothing was quickly made and then Calvert Forrester was placed upon a stretcher, which was at once lifted upon the shoulders of four men and borne from the cabin out into the dark and rainy night.

"Now, Miller, I want you to try your hand at disfiguring the face of poor Carr until no one can tell it from the American gentleman's; then bear it away to some lonely spot about a mile from here and leave it in the woods. Do you understand?"

"Yes," replied the man addressed as Miller, and who was the owner of the cabin, and a secret member of the Bush-rangers' band.

"If not found in a week's time, you find the body yourself, for the man's got to be published as dead; why the captain didn't want us to kill him is a mystery to me; it'd

DR. COFFEE

Diagnoses Eye Troubles FREE.

60-page book on Eye and its Diseases will be sent Free to every reader of this paper with Dr. Coffee's professional opinion of your Eye Trouble.

Dr. Coffee's great illustrated book on "The Eye and Its Diseases" explains how every person afflicted with Cataracts, Granulated Lids, Scums, Scars on the Eyes, Glaucoma, Spots before the Eyes, Weak Watery Eyes, Failing Vision or Blindness in any form can cure themselves *at home* without visiting a doctor, with *Mild Medicines* and small expense.

Dr. W. O. Coffee.

This book explains not only how to restore your eyesight and keep it perfect, but how to prevent Old Sight, Near Sightedness, make Weak Eyes strong, so you can throw away glasses. Contains pictures of diseased eyes taken from life, gives the rules of health, how to diet, take physical exercise so as to keep perfectly healthy.

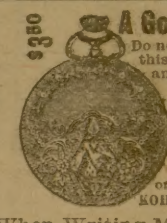
This book explains how he cured Mr. H. C. Laub, of Denison, Ia., of cataract of 30 years standing. Geo. G. Brown, of Brownsville, Maine, of cataracts on both eyes. Mrs. Blackburn, 1707 East Des Moines St., of Des Moines, Ia., of total blindness after 36 doctors had treated her case. Describes dozens of chronic cases cured at home at small expense.

Dr. Coffee is curing 10,000 people a year afflicted with weak eyes, with his mild Absorption Remedies and can cure all curable eye diseases at home. Write to him today. He will send this book and his professional opinion of your case FREE. If you cannot be cured, Dr. Coffee will tell you so frankly. Write

DR. W. O. COFFEE, 893 GOOD BLOCK, DES MOINES, IOWA

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$3.50 **A Gold Watch** In appearance for **$3.50**



Do not buy a watch until you have seen this one. Send your name and address and we will send for examination this beautiful gold plated watch by express C. O. D. $3.50. Hunting-case, with a ruby jeweled movement. The best watch ever offered at the price. Our 20-year guarantee and a handsome chain and charm free with every watch. Mention ladies' or gent's size. Order at once as this may not appear again. Address KOHL, 334 Dearborn St., Dept. B-20, Chicago

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WETO GRAPH

The Great Secret Writing System

FOR LOVERS AND OTHERS

Every lover and every one who writes letters should have a Weto Graph. It is a system of secret sign writing for correspondence, etc. If you have a Weto Graph you can preserve recipes, secret memorandum, addresses, or information you do not want anyone to find out. You can write to your friends on a postal and no one can find out what you have written. Lots of fun to have a Weto Graph. Don't miss it. Send 10 cents and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

PIANO Do You Want a Genuine Bargain

Hundreds of Upright Pianos returned from renting to be disposed of at once. They include Steinways, Knabes, Fischers, Sterlings and other well known makes. Many cannot be distinguished from new and all are offered at a great discount. **FROM** as low as $100. Also beautiful New Uprights as low as $125, $135, $150, $165. A fine instrument as $290, fully equal to many $400 pianos. Monthly payments accepted. Freight only about $5. Write for list and particulars. You make a great saving. Pianos warranted as represented. Illustrated Piano Book Free.

LYON & HEALY

16 Adams St., CHICAGO.

World's largest music house; sells Everything known in Music

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

saved carrying him along fifteen miles. But the captain knows best, I reckon."

"Now, don't steal the ring off Carr's finger, 'cause 'twas put there for a purpose; do you hear?"

"Yes."

"Good! Now, I must hasten on after the boys; but we'll be in this neighborhood again soon, I'm thinking."

Thus saying, the man turned and hastened on after his party, that had already disappeared, and who were rapidly leaving the scene of the tragedy behind them.

As they walked along, the rain pattered dismally down into the upturned face of Calvert Forrester, and his clothes—those of the dead Bushranger—became soaking wet.

But he heeded not, for he was hovering between life and death with a terrible bullet wound in his side.

All through the remainder of the night the Bushrangers plodded their weary way along, every now and then relieving each other in carrying the stretcher, improvised from a cot bed, for there were a dozen in the party—a wild, reckless, cruel set of desperadoes, who little cared for the groans of the wounded man, when one of the bearers would stumble in the darkness.

As daylight broke the band entered a range of high hills, and through narrow gorges still pressed on into the wild and unsettled country.

Shortly after sunrise they came to a deep ravine, overhung by high hills, and its sides heavily wooded.

Into this they turned and soon came to a collection of rudely built huts, before which a score of men were seated eating their morning meal, of mutton, bread and coffee.

To one of these cabins the bearers bore their burden, and laid it down in front of the door.

"Here, Captain, we've got your game; but we were forced to shoot him, though the doctor says he's not going to die," called out the man who had acted as leader of the party.

"In Heaven's name, why did you shoot him? If he is the man I believe him to be, and he does die, I'll make it lively for the one that shot him," said a stern voice from within the cabin.

The next instant a man came forth, a man of thirty years, perhaps, but prematurely gray, for his hair, long and curly, was almost white, while his mustache and eyebrows were black.

He was an exceedingly handsome man; but his face wore a hard, cruel look, and was marked with dissipation.

His form was slight, but denoted strength, and he was dressed in a free and easy style—top boots, blue flannel shirt, slouch hat, and corduroys.

In his belt he wore two revolvers and a long knife, and in his lips he held a cigar, which he threw from him as he came out of the cabin.

Quickly he knelt beside the stretcher, and gazed earnestly into the face of the wounded man.

Then he said slowly as if speaking to himself:

"Yes; it is Calvert Forrester. Years have not changed him so that I fail to recognize him."

Suddenly springing to his feet, he said, in ringing tones:

"Who shot this man?"

"We all had to fire, Captain; we fired together, 'cause he killed Carr, and would have escaped," said the sub-officer, telling a lie promptly to shield the man who had fired the shot.

"Yes, sir; he fought like a devil," echoed several of the men.

"There were a dozen of you—enough to take one man without murdering him; but I hope he won't die. Here, doctor, devote your whole time to this man's recovery; put him in my bed, and if you need anything that we have not got in camp, send at once to town after it, for this man must live."

Calvert Forrester was at once borne into the cabin, dry clothing was put on him, and a comfortable bed made for him, after which the doctor again dressed his wounds.

For long weeks Calvert Forrester hovered between life and death, and all through that time the Bushranger chief and the outlaw doctor hung over his bedside tenderly nursing him.

At length one day Calvert awoke to consciousness and his eyes met those of the chief, the only one in the cabin with him.

For awhile he seemed bewildered and then said, faintly:

"Am I awake or am I in delirium?"

"You are awake, Calvert, and with care you will soon be well," said the chief, softly.

"That voice I remember and that face, too. Are you not Raymond Redfield?"

"Yes."

"I knew I could not be mistaken; but where am I? Where is my wife?"

"You are in safe hands, Calvert. You were seriously wounded, and I had you brought here," said the chief, kindly.

"Where is here?"

"In Australia. You remember——"

"Yes; I was decoyed from my hotel—was attacked, and——"

"They—your foes—shot you down; but you are all right now. I gave no orders for you to be shot."

"You! Why the Bushrangers shot me!"

"True; and I am their chief."

"You! you, Raymond Redfield, an outlaw chief? I remember now, you killed Peyton Parker, and fled for your life. And this is what you have come to?"

"Yes; I was captured in England and sentenced for life to the colonies. But I escaped from prison and have been making a living since at bushranging, with a reckless set of fellows at my back. Some day I will be shot or caught and hung, and that will be the end of Raymond Redfield. But you are safe here, Calvert. I have not forgotten our boyhood days together—I have not forgotten that you saved me from drowning once. No; I remember those auld lang syne days yet, Calvert, and when I entered into negotiations with a man to take your life for a fair price, I was determined to just see if you were my old boyhood friend; hence, I told the men not to kill you, but take you alive. Yet, you fought them hard, they say, and they were forced to shoot you down; but have no fear; I have nursed you back to life, and one of these days you shall be free."

Calvert Forrester listened in pained surprise to the words of Raymond Redfield and he said, slowly:

"You say that you entered into negotiations to take my life?"

"Yes."

"Who with?"

"That you shall know in good time; but I will say that he wanted you out of the way, for some reason you may know, and hired me to kill you. For that murderous duty I was to receive five thousand dollars."

"Who was he, Raymond—again I ask you?"

"A man whom I knew years ago—a man with whom I have had dealings before. Never mind his name now, but make me a promise. That for one year from the time of your arrival here, you will not attempt to leave this camp, that you will in no way attempt to betray myself and men, and if a hundred opportunities offer, you will not escape."

"If I promise, what then?"

"At the end of the time you shall be free. I will give you the name of your bitter foe, and I will aid you to track him to his death, for I know that he has sadly injured you."

"If I refuse to promise?"

"Then, Calvert Forrester, as deep a sin as it would be upon my conscience, as fearful as would be the crime, I would keep my pledged word—and kill you."

Calvert Forrester shuddered and then said, for he knew the chief would keep his word:

"A year is a long time to remain here."

"Yes; but I have already received my money for your life; you are supposed to be dead."

"Oh, my poor wife!" groaned Calvert.

"It is hard, Calvert; but I must insist upon that time. I save your life, and in doing so, I will go back upon the man who has employed me to kill you. But I give him one year in which to believe you dead, and then you can start upon his trail."

"Again I ask, why do you state that time, one year?"

"Because in that time I will leave Australia—hush! this is a secret. I cannot leave before; then I will go with you to America and live an honest life, for I am tired of bushranging. Do you promise, Calvert?"

"Yes; I promise."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Once having given his promise to the Bushranger chief not to, in any way, communicate with the outside world, or attempt to escape from his imprisonment, Calvert Forrester would not, of course, break it.

Though a word pledged to a robber, it was to be held sacred.

True, it was a long, weary time to wait, and all that time to be considered dead; but he must be thankful that he was not dead, and in the end would come a joyous meeting between Maud and himself, and all whom he loved in far-off America.

Slowly the days passed into weeks, into months, and Calvert began to count at last the days before his time was up.

In the time that he was a prisoner, Raymond Redfield had been most kind to him; he had given him perfect freedom around the camp, allowed him a gun to go shooting game with, and a placed a horse at his disposal, for he had perfect confidence in his friend.

Then Calvert shared the same cabin with the chief and the wild and exciting life led by the Bushrangers was well-known to him.

At length one evening, when Calvert Forrester had been eleven months in the Bushrangers' camp, Raymond Redfield said to him:

"Well, Calvert, tomorrow I will leave this camp forever."

"Do you mean it, Raymond?"

"I do; my plans are all laid for leaving Australia in a few days, and tomorrow we go away together. But I do not wish my men to know it, for they might raise objections; still, that would not deter me."

"I am delighted to hear you say so, Raymond; but how do you leave?"

"Why, we'll take horses here in the morning and I will tell the men I intend to see you into town. When there I will send word by one of my agents in town that I will not return. You see, I have converted all the money I have made here into money of the United States—there I will live in the future."

"I hope under different circumstances from what you have lived here," said Calvert, earnestly.

"Yes; but I will tell you a secret. Shall I?"

"Certainly; I will not betray you."

"Well, I am in love."

"In love?"

"True as Gospel, Calvert, and with a widow."

"A widow?"

"Yes; the sweetest woman in the world—a perfect beauty—and the mother of two children, a boy of ten and a girl of eight."

"Where is she, Raymond?"

"She has been living on a sheep farm for years; we will stop tomorrow night at her house; but you must make me another promise."

"Name it."

"To show no surprise at anything she may tell you; to pretend never to have heard of her husband, no matter how well you may know him, and simply listen to what she has to say, without more than ordinary comment; also, never to mention the name of any one you know in America before her, excepting your wife, of course."

"Why all this mystery?"

"I will tell you at the proper time. Will you do as I wish?"

"Yes."

"I am glad of it; now give me your hand on it."

The two men shook hands, and then Calvert Forrester asked:

"Where did you meet the widow, Raymond?"

"I met her years ago. I saved her husband and herself from drowning. They were just then in the country, got caught in a freshet from the mountains, and I came along in time to drag them out. Her husband I had met in England, and he recognized me, for my face is not an ordinary one, you know. But here he knew me as Redfield the Bushranger, for my name was well known, you know; but in thanks for having saved his and his wife's life, he, with great presence of mind, called me Mr. Raymond, and kept the secret of my evil career from her, introducing me as the owner of a sheep ranch in the hills. Frequently after that I was a visitor at his farm—for he went to sheep raising—and gave him protection from any of my band.

"One day he left home and never returned and the report went abroad that the Bushrangers had killed him; in fact, a body was found in the hills, and, as it was claimed to be his, it was buried on his farm, his devoted wife erecting a monument over it."

"And you love this widow, Raymond?"

"Yes; and she loves me—nay, more, she leaves with me for America, for I have persuaded her to sell out her place, and we will seek a home in the United States. Then she will become my wife. So you see I am going to lead a virtuous and honorable life in the future."

"I am truly glad to hear you say so, Raymond. I am to address you as Mr. Raymond, I suppose?"

"Yes; Rodney Raymond is to be my honorable name, and you are to be an American friend who has been visiting me at my sheep farm for some time."

"All right, Raymond. I hope the widow will never know you as you are," said Calvert, firmly.

"As I was, you mean. I leave the past in this cabin—the future is before me."

"I wish you success, old fellow," and so saying the two friends—for such they really were, notwithstanding one was an outlaw and the other an honorable man—turned in for the night.

At an early hour the following morning they arose, and dressing themselves in clothing the chief had procured in town, they mounted their horses, and rode away from the Bushrangers' camp forever.

Toward evening, after a hard day's ride, they came to a more thickly settled country, and in a valley, several miles distant, Raymond pointed out a pleasant home, saying:

"Yonder is where she lives, Calvert."

"A pretty place; you seem to know the roads well hereabouts, Raymond."

"I ought to; I have been coming up here whenever I could, for several years."

Just at sunset the two dismounted at the door, and were greeted by a woman of remarkable beauty of face and form, and whom the chief introduced as Mrs. Grey.

She received Calvert cordially, and presented her two children—a manly little fellow and a lovely girl, a miniature likeness of her mother.

Calvert Forrester gazed attentively at the boy; he reminded him strongly of some one he had seen before; but who it was he could not then recall, yet the remembrance haunted him strangely.

Knowing how necessary to his safety was the utmost caution, Rodney Raymond, as I will now, in consideration of his reform, have to call him, laid his plans so that they arrived in town at night, and the vessel intending to sail the following morning, they went at once on board.

Calvert would have liked to communicate with the branch house of Langley & Co., but his friend urged him not to, and the ship put to sea without any one knowing that it bore Redfield, the Bushranger chief.

In due course of time the party arrived in the United States and Rodney Raymond secured for Mrs. Grey and her children comfortable quarters, after which he called Calvert Forrester to his room and said, in tones of feeling:

"Old fellow, I've got a story to tell you, and I know it will take all your nerve to listen to it; but it must be told. You have thought often that I have acted most strangely and have wondered why I brought Mrs. Grey here without first making her my wife; but the trouble is, her husband is not dead."

"Not dead! You told me that he was killed by Bushrangers," said Calvert, in surprise.

"True: but that was a mistake. Look at this miniature likeness and tell me if you know the man. It is Mrs. Grey's husband, and your worst foe!"

Calvert Forrester took the likeness and as his eyes fell upon it, turned deadly pale, and he said in a voice hardly above a whisper:

"Tell me all; I will listen."

(Continued on page fourteen.)

JUST ONE A DAY.

How the Coffee Crank Compromises His Health.

Some people say: "Coffee don't hurt me," and then add: "Anyway, I only drink one cup a day."

If coffee really don't hurt why not drink more? There is but one answer and that is coffee does hurt them and they know it. When they drink it once a day they compromise with their enemy. There are people whom one cup of coffee a day will put in bed, if the habit be continued.

"Although warned by physicians to let coffee alone, I have always been so fond of it that I continued to use it," confesses an Ohio lady. "I compromised with myself and drank just one cup every morning until about six weeks ago.

"All the time I was drinking coffee I had heart trouble that grew steadily worse and finally I had such alarming sensations in my head (sometimes causing me to fall down) that I at last took my doctor's advise and quit coffee and began to use Postum Coffee in its place.

"The results have been all that the doctor hoped, for I have not only lost my craving for coffee and enjoy my good Postum just as well, but my heart trouble has ceased and I have no more dizzy spells in my head. I feel better in every way and consider myself a very fortunate woman to have found the truth about Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

I CURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

PROF. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 CEDAR ST., N.Y.

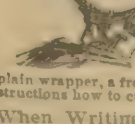
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

TELLS FUTURE in love, business and marriage, with Photo of future husband or wife. Send lic. birth date, to Prof. Morse, Box 2959, Boston, Mass.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

PATENTS No attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Write for Inventor's Guide. FRANKLIN H. HOUGH, Atlantic Building, Washington, D. C.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.



1427 Silk Fringe Cards, Love, Transparent, Escort & Acquaintance Cards, New Puzzles, New Games, Premium Articles, &c. Finest Sample Book of Visiting & Hidden Name Cards, Biggest Catalogue. Send 5c. stamp for all. OHIO CARD CO., CADIZ, OHIO. CARDS

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MENDING TISSUE

The WONDER of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents; 3 packages, 25 cents. Address Penn Publishing Co., Parnassus, Pa.

STEM SET STEM WIND LADIES OR GENTS

$5.95 Don't BUY A WATCH before seeing our 17 Jeweled movement, patent regulator, is quick train, stamped 17 jewels, adjusted. Beautifully engraved gold filled model case, the "Imperial," with certificate for 25 years. Sent by Express with privilege of thorough examination, before you pay one cent. Absolutely guaranteed by one of the oldest and most reliable jewelers in America. If found best value ever given, pay Exp. agt. our Special Price, $5.95 and exp. charges. Jeweled Elgin or Waltham same price if preferred. FREE, rolled gold, 50 in. longnette chain for ladies, or vest chain for gents, guaranteed 5 yrs. Give both P.O. and exp. office & state plainly whether ladies or gent's size. Offer can't be continued long. Write today. ALLEN & CO., Wholesale Jewelers, Dept. 55 307 to 321 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Drunkards

Cured Secretly. Box Sent FREE.

This harmless & tasteless remedy is given in Tea, Coffee, Food, etc., to cure Drunkards. Any wife, sister, daughter or mother can cure her loved one of this fearful & degrading habit by this new simple remedy, as did Mrs. Mami Scott, of Miami, Fla., who writes: "Oh, how happy I am that my husband has lost all his appetite for whiskey; he now hates the sight of it & refuses to drink, even when others offer it to him. Your remedy is surely a blessing for drunkards." Mrs. Scott's word of gratitude is only one of hundreds in possession of this company. Anyone who will send their name & address to the Milo Drug Co., 49 Milo Building, St. Louis, Mo., will receive by mail, sealed in plain wrapper, a free package of this wonderful remedy & full instructions how to cure the drink habit. It costs nothing to try it.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$30 OUTFIT for $10

FREE SAMPLES AND MEASUREMENT BLANKS.

We will make an up-to-date "suit" strictly to your measure, in latest English Sack Style for only $10, and give you the following Complete Outfit FREE (actual $30 value for $10, and you don't pay for it until you receive the suit and free outfit and find it just as represented. Send us your P. O. address and we send you FREE samples of cloth, tape measure and measuring blanks for size of suit, hat, shoes, shirt, etc. FREE!

A Suit of clothes Made to Measure of rich English Cassimere, Cheviot, Worsted or whatever you may select from samples sent you $30 00
A Dunlap Block nap shape Hat 2.50
A pair of Stylish Lace or Congress Shoes 2.50
A neat Percale Shirt 1.25
A pair of costly hand-made Cuff Buttons 1.00
Four Gold filled Shirt Buttons, Guaranteed 1.00
A neat four-in-hand Bow or Puff Tie .50
A pair of good Fancy Elastic Web Suspenders .50
A Jap Handkerchief .50
A pair extra quality Lisle Thread Socks .25

$10 for this COMPLETE OUTFIT WORTH $30 00

Write at once for Free Samples. Address CHICAGO MFG. & MDSE. CO. DEPT. 6. 87-89-91 Washington St. Ref. Metropolitan Trust & Savings Bank, Capital $750,000.00, or any Express Company in Chicago. CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BAD BREATH

"For months I had great trouble with my stomach and used all kinds of medicines. My tongue has been actually as green as grass, my breath having a bad odor. Two weeks ago a friend recommended Cascarets and after using them I can willingly and cheerfully say that they have entirely cured me. I therefore let you know that I shall recommend them to any one suffering from such troubles." Chas. H. Halpun, 199 Rivington St., New York, N.Y.

Best For The Bowels

Cascarets

CANDY CATHARTIC

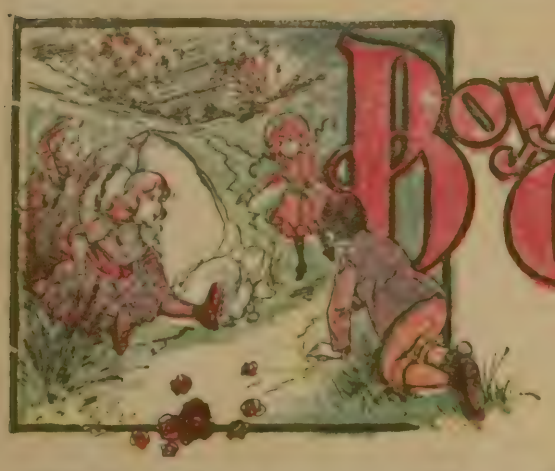
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped CCC. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N.Y. 596

ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.



Adrift on a Junk; Or, Boy Sailors of the China Sea.

By St. George Rathborne.

(Copyright, 1903, W. D. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. 30, July 25. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIX.

MAROONED ON THE ISLAND OF THE DRAGONS.

The two piratical-looking Chinamen in the sampan were showing signs of tremendous excitement, for there was something very mysterious to them in the way their boat insisted on approaching the anchored junk despite their most herculean efforts to prevent such a collision. Remember that to their minds everything connected with this region was in a measure tinged with magic, and some extent of their dismay can be understood.

Several times they bent over the side as though strongly tempted to throw themselves into the sea, and trust to luck in avoiding the fierce sharks, which, of course, they knew to inhabit these waters; but evidently neither had the nerve of old fat Falstaff, or else they did not consider the situation quite as desperate as was the case with him—at any rate, on each occasion they would draw back with a shudder and take to tugging at the paddle again.

Perhaps they even half expected that the junk would prove to be a mirage, and compared the soft refrain of the enticing Kwang Chow to the songs of the mermaids said to haunt the shores of ancient Greece, eager to lure the hardy mariner to his doom.

When Bob announced in his hoarse whisper that Merriwether was capable of carrying out his own game to the very end, he had good reason for such belief; for he saw the big sailor man crawling in over the stern of the sampan, his ready knife, with which he had done such good work against the shark, caught in his teeth.

Very ferocious he appeared, and quite of a character to strike terror to the hearts of those wretches who now caught sight of him for the first time.

Perhaps they imagined him to be a monster of the deep, the dragon that had long guarded this ghostly region; or having recognized the man whom they had for years ill-treated they were seized with a panic of fear, believing that his hour had indeed arrived, and that he was now about to take his long delayed revenge.

"Never mind, they were overcome with fright, one way or the other, and where Julian had expected to see them put up something of a struggle, he was surprised as well as relieved to find that both of the rascals were groveling in the bottom of the rocking boat, bowing their heads in true Chinese style, and virtually "kotowing" as to their prince.

Mate Merriwether was not a bloodthirsty man by nature, though if ever any one had reason to seek revenge surely this prisoner of seven years could find an excuse for carrying out such a program; he was content to know that the two wandering pirates could not escape to give an alarm, and that for the time at least all was well.

He spoke to them in their own tongue, at the same time giving them to understand that immediate death awaited them should they attempt such a thing as treachery; by degrees the fellows mustered up enough courage to twist their heads and look upward, and the sight of that fearful gingal covering them from the rail of the junk must have firmly convinced them that the mate spoke the actual truth when he thus promised total annihilation.

They climbed gingerly aboard, finding it hard to believe it was not a dream brought about by the fumes of opium; for to them the Half-Moon must ever be an enchanted ship, that by rights ought to be deep down beneath the waves.

Merriwether was pleased with the success attending his little game, and as he shook himself like a great dog he laughingly declared it to be only a question of time ere they had the whole piratical community quartered on board, a dire possibility that threw Kwang Chow into spasms of misery, for he was serving just then as quartermaster, and knew the exceeding small allowance of rations aboard.

The two new prisoners were escorted below, with Julian and his blunderbuss serving as guard; but they gave no indication of a desire to make trouble, at least as yet; though knowing the breed as he did Merriwether was not the one to trust them any great length.

In the hold they found the portly Falstaff sitting in a dazed state upon his haunches, and wrapped up in his queue; for not having any other means of tying the fellow after he had thrown him violently down, the ingenious mate had utilized the long braid after a fashion, showing that a Chinaman always carries with him the means of his own undoing.

It was good policy to secure the small opening, which had come near proving their ruin; for although Falstaff could not begin to find an exit there, his new mates were of a different model, and might happen to squeeze through by some hook or crook—at any rate, Merriwether did not care to take chances.

Thus another episode had closed.

While it lasted it had afforded them more or less excitement, and Bob was chuckling for a long time over the comical part of the entertainment, though evidently it had proved anything but a comedy to the fellows of the sampan.

Julian saw the coming of night with a feeling of exultation in the region of his heart that he could hardly have explained, only that he was now to have his opportunity to make that long dreamed-of movement looking toward the rescue of his beloved parent.

He fortified himself with the remembrance of many bold exploits in the line of history, and, moved by the gravity of the occasion sent up a petition to the Great Captain on high, that success might attend his holy efforts, so that those waiting in hope and fear across the blue sea might not be bitterly disappointed.

Bob joined him at the side of the junk, where he had been studying the conditions of the weather, and casting longing glances toward that quarter where, as he knew from the directions of the mate, the strange conglomeration of huts and thatched shacks constituting the village of the Chino-Malay pirates lay.

"It promises us well," remarked the English lad, softly, for he deeply sympathized with his friend, even though not able to fully enter into the holy spirit that actuated Julian; for his own parent was a husky farmer in good health in old England, and the family intact, he being the only rover.

"Yes; that young moon will go down after a time, and leave the world in darkness. I suppose that suits the purposes of our good friend, Merriwether, better than anything else, though it does seem odd that honest men have to carry out their deeds without a light. Bob, old fellow, you don't know how nervous I am—why, at times, it seems as though I couldn't keep from shouting at the top of my voice, to let off steam," said Julian, with a long breath.

"Oh, yes, I can understand; but if I was you, old chap, I'd defer that till the thing was over, and once on the high seas you may howl to your heart's content. Just now mum's the word, I imagine," observed the other, with a solemnity that was rather strange when taken in connection with his usual merry character.

"Don't be alarmed, for I'd sooner cut my hand off than make a blunder now. I was dreadfully afraid that we might have to postpone the affair until another night, for at sundown the wind died out utterly; but I think Heaven is about to answer my prayers, for just a bit ago I felt a puff of air on my cheek, and the prospect is for a nice breeze, such as we need to waft us in and out of these twisty channels, and carry us off when we've—got him," and how the lad's voice softened to a touch of caressing tenderness when it pronounced that suggestive "him."

"Good for you—why, I hadn't thought of that before, and yet I was worrying over those chaps, too. Maroon 'em on this island—that's the game. We'll see what Merriwether says to it. I imagine they'll stay here safe and sound till sunup at least, and we hope to be many leagues away by that time. Here comes the mate after drying himself off, and we'll see what he thinks of the matter."

When he heard what Julian had to suggest the lanky mate expressed his satisfaction in vehement terms, and declared the project did credit to young Bob's ingenuity—they could anchor the trio of troublesome wards on the adjoining island, and be pretty sure they would stay there through the night.

At one time Falstaff might have had the nerve to attempt a swim to other quarters, but he had gone through an experience with that shark that rather took the conceit out of him, and those channels would appear swarming with all manner of evil things in his eyes, so that he must prefer to sit on his haunches and await the dawn.

At any rate, even if there was a chance or so of their giving the alarm, it would not be so bad as having them along when the junk came to just off the fort that guarded the pirate settlement.

When supper had been eaten the duty of transporting the three Chinese to the shore was begun.

Mate Merriwether took it upon himself to explain that the junk would not be far away, and that if any one of the men so much as gave a peep during the continuance of the night the foreigners would return and throw them to the sharks, which he assured them fairly swarmed around the island.

Then they were brought up and lowered into the two sampans, with Julian in one as the propelling power, and the big mate attending to that duty in the other.

It was a singular business to our young adventurer—the crescent moon in the clear heavens gave a small amount of silvery light, but the shores lay in somber shadow, with the gaunt, unshapely trees outlined with weird distinctness against the sky line.

That uncanny bird of ill-omen, toward which Bob had conceived such a spite during the earlier stage of their stay in the lagoon, had again started to send forth its hideous notes, adding to the disagreeable whole; and Julian thought it the strangest bit of business in which he had ever been engaged.

He had the fat heathen in his boat, the mate preferring to look after the more slippery customers, and Falstaff crouched there in the bow, watching the shore loom up, as though he fully expected that when they landed the execution would take place; for he had an idea they wished to avoid a muss on board the junk; nor would any assurance on the part of the boy have comforted him; probably a guilty soul lashed him, for he understood that he had broken his parole while trying to escape, and in endeavoring to betray the adventurers to his comrades in the sampan, and with such wild spirits so brazen a breach of faith could only be rewarded in one way.

At length they pushed the boats up on the pebbly strand, and the cargoes were unloaded, though it was with manifest uneasiness that Falstaff stepped upon the island that had so bad a reputation among his people.

He even begged the mate to take him back to the junk, preferring captivity there to freedom here; but Merriwether had been warned by Kwang concerning the possible short rations, and if there had been no other reason for getting rid of such a big eater as Falstaff this would have sufficed.

The others made no comment; perhaps they were thankful in their hearts that they were to be spared, for it was not according to the rules governing their clan to thus allow an enemy to draw breath when once he had fallen into one's hands.

"Back to the ship, lad," said the mate, pushing his craft away from the spot where the black water lapped the sand; and not knowing what desperate notion might strike these fear-crazed souls left on the strip of land which they believed to be the spot where dragons and the dreaded Fung-Shuy held high carnival, Julian hastened to follow suit.

Thus they left the three marooned Celestials, in the hope that they would crouch low during the whole night, since the spirits might not find them if they failed to move hand or foot.

Bob waited at the side of the vessel to receive them, for he was uneasy during their absence; and Tressie appeared, armed with one of the wonderful yataghans with which her father had decorated his cabin wall, determined to do her part should trouble of any sort come upon them during the absence of the two leading spirits.

Kwang Chow expressed his pleasure at the absence of the three allies, for his thoughts were always upon the conditions of the "grub" market, and he did not approve of feeding the enemy at the expense of their scanty larder.

An hour passed.

Nothing was heard from the shore, though this could not be taken as a positive sign that the three chaps had fallen flat on their faces, and dared not raise their eyes, for fear of inviting an attack from the spirits—they were tricky customers, one and all, and perhaps able to see a loophole by means of which they would be able to reach those who manned that lingering proa, which would be a bad thing for our friends, as well as the plan of campaign laid out for this night's entertainment.

"Time," said the mate, at length, in a low voice, which every one heard, for they were clustered around his station, awaiting just such a signal.

Instantly each started to carry out that share of the work given over to his particular care; Bob and Julian laid hold of the cable, and began to tug at the anchor, while Merriwether, assisted by Kwang, hoisted one of the matting sails by means of which the junk was propelled before the breeze.

All this with the least possible noise, and when the queer boat began to actually move through the water, Julian found that the peculiar sensation in the region of his heart, which he had likened to fear, had utterly vanished, to give way to an exultant happiness in that his hour had come at last, after much waiting and many petitions.

And so the Half-Moon started upon the only honest cruise of her long and eventful career, manned by brave hearts, and blessed by the prayers of the loved ones far beyond the sea, whose thoughts were ever with the lad Julian in his holy mission.

CHAPTER XX.

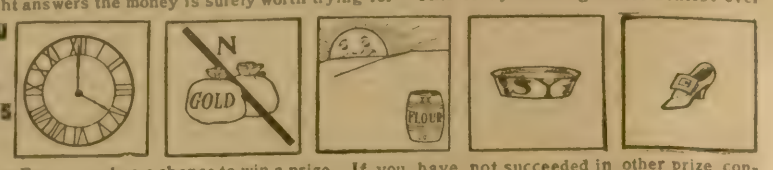
INVASION OF THE VIPERS' NEST.

As Julian had remarked, the wind had come again, and was stealing softly through the narrow passages which must be their course; enough of it to waft the modern argosy on its sacred journey, and bear them

$40,200 GIVEN AWAY

The five small pictures below each represent a well-known flower See if you can guess what they are. In order to show you how the Puzzle is to be solved we will tell you about the first picture. It represents a clock with the hands pointing to 4 o'clock, from which you can easily guess "Four O'Clock," the name of the flower. Now see if you can guess the other four flowers. If you can think out the right answers the money is surely worth trying for This is by far the greatest Contest ever

CAN YOU NAME THESE FLOWERS ?



conceived. Every one has a chance to win a prize. If you have not succeeded in other prize contests you will surely succeed in this, because there is no catch about it—it is simply a test of your ability to name FIVE OF OUR VERY POPULAR FLOWERS. Try it During the past four years over $100,000.00 have been distributed to prize winners. If your solution is correct and you are entitled to a prize, we will write you how the awards will be made. Remember, you do not spend a cent and YOU MAY WIN AS HIGH AS $10,000 00. Don't wait until to-morrow. Write to-day Address plainly, NEW IDEAS FLOWER CONTEST, DEPT. 61, 1216 FRANKFORD AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MORPHINE--OPIUM and LAUDANUM HABITS cured by a painless home treatment, endorsed and used by leading physicians. A trial treatment sufficient to convince you, sent free with book of testimonials sealed. Correspondence Confidential. OPA SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 1 CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BRASS BAND Instruments, Drums, Uniforms. Lyon & Healy "Own-Make" Instruments are preferred by Thomas Orchestra, Sandg Rossa, Mascagni, etc. Lowest prices. Big Catalog; 1000 illustrations; *mailed free*; it gives instructions for amateur bands. LYON & HEALY, 22 Adams St., Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

5 VALUABLE POINTERS FOR FARMERS

Are you in search of a milder climate? Try Indian Territory, Oklahoma or Texas! Are you seeking cheaper lands? Try Indian Territory, Oklahoma or Texas. Are you looking for a location offering a permanent home and good, substantial returns for your capital and labor? Try Indian Territory, Oklahoma or Texas! Are you looking for more profitable crop returns? Try rice farming in South Texas. Are you a stock man? Pasturage in Indian Territory and Texas the year round. Small feed expense, more profitable returns. Copies of pamphlets and descriptive matter about The Great Southwest cheerfully furnished. Address KATY, St. Louis.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

It rests with you whether you continue the nerve-killing tobacco habit. NO-TO-BAC removes the desire for tobacco, without nervous distress, expels nicotine, purifies the blood, restores lost manhood, makes you strong in health, nerve and pocket. STOP SMOKING! 1,600,000 boxes sold. 400,000 cases cured. Buy NO-TO-BAC from your own druggist, who will vouch for us. Take it with a will, patiently, persistently. One box, $1, usually cures; 3 boxes, $2.50, guaranteed to cure, or we refund money. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, New York.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

This ELEGANT Watch $3.75 HUNTING CASE GENTS OR LADIES SIZE

Before you buy a watch cut this out and send to us with your name and address, and we will send you by express for examination a handsome WATCH AND CHAIN C. O. D. $3.75. Double hunting case beautifully engraved, stem wind and stem set, fitted with richly jeweled movement and guaranteed a correct timekeeper, with heavy gold plated chain for Ladies or vest chain for Gents. If you consider it equal to any $35.00 GOLD FILLED WATCH Warranted 20 YEARS pay the express agent $3.75 and it is yours. Our 20 year guarantee sent with each watch. Mention if you want Gents' or Ladies' size. Address H. FARBER & CO., A16, 23 Quincy St., CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE FARMS

The New Homestead law offers every man or woman a farm Free. Send 25 cents for new book containing the new homestead law and the name and location of every United States Land Office. This book tells just where to go for free farms and exactly what to do and how to select the land in the states of Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Florida, Idaho, Kansas, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, N. Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, Utah, South Dakota, Washington, Wisconsin and Wyoming. You will find in this book how to secure free a farm among the gold hills of Colorado, the timberlands of Washington, the prairie farms of the west, or for fruit farms in the south. Write at once inclosing 25 cents for this new book. W. C. WATKINS & CO., 710 Lewis Block, Pittsburg, Pa.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

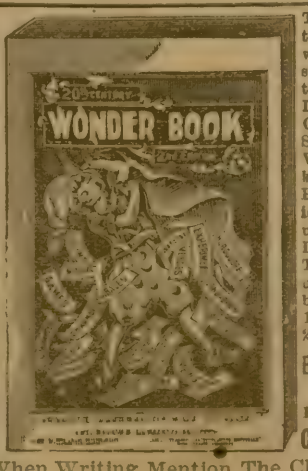
WETO GRAPH The Great Secret Writing System FOR LOVERS AND OTHERS

Every lover and every one who writes letters should have a Weto Graph. It is a system of secret sign writing for correspondence, etc. If you have a Weto Graph you can preserve recipes, secret memorandum, addresses, or information you do not want anyone to to find out. You can write to your friends on a postal and no one can find out what you have written. Lots of fun to have a Weto Graph. Don't miss it. Send 10 cents and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

George Clark WILL GIVE YOU THIS RING Solid Gold finished, set with Rubies and Pearls, FREE for selling 4 of my large Art Pictures at the reduced price of 25 cents. All different. No trouble to sell these pictures, they are handsome art productions, done in 10 to 17 colors, originals costing 200 to 500 dollars. The first four you meet will gladly take them at 25 cents to help you win the premium. The Ring guaranteed worth many times this small service, but want to introduce my pictures at once. Send No Money in advance. I trust you and will send the pictures repre-sending four different and beautiful scenes, all charges paid, immediately. GEO. CLARK, Mgr. H. P. Co., 63 Washington St., Dept. 51 Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.



This book contains hundreds of wonderful things such as Fortune-telling, Puzzles, Dreams, Charm Omens, Lucky Signs, Astrology, Verses, Love Tokens, Physiology, Psychology. It is filled with valuable things. Don't buy fakes. This is the genuine. One book by mail, postpaid, 10 cents, 3 for 25 cents. Address BLADAN LEJUR, Room 401, Boyce Building, CHICAGO. ILLS.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

away, once the object of their mission had been accomplished.

None knew better than Merriwether the capacity of this same ugly junk for speed, as well as her ability to outride the worst storms; and given a fair start he believed they could get her flying over the sea like a frightened gull, leaving the pirate lair in the lurch.

He took the tiller and the others stood ready to obey his orders with the least possible delay and as little noise as lay in their power.

Tressie clung to the side of her friend and protector, and from time to time Julian would bend down and whisper words of good cheer; for he felt that the girl was less fitted to stand the strain under which they were all laboring than any of the others on board the Half-Moon.

He deeply regretted that it was necessary to drag her into this new and serious complication; but there was no way in which it could be avoided, and fortune had so designed matters that by almost sheer accident they were given the opportunity to carry his cherished plans into execution.

It was to be noticed that they did not leave the tortuous channels between the sea islands by the same route they had taken on entering; and Julian judged from this that they would bring up close to the village when finally free from the confines of the archipelago.

Indeed, the mate had fully explained this fact to them, so that all were on the alert to discover the first signs of the lookout where the piratical horde were wont to watch for the coming of their expected prey, and Heaven help the ship that was becalmed in the treacherous neighborhood of those same enchanted islands, for she would never be heard of again.

"Steady," said Merriwether, bending forward as if the better to discern certain

Eagerly Julian's eyes sought for traces of the same, but the crescent moon had long since sunk out of sight, and the other minor heavenly luminaries failed to supply enough light to disclose the congregation of buildings nestled in the bight, and along the hillside.

So well had the mate described the situation that they were able to mentally picture the exact position of the settlement, and could even fancy what it looked like, with the saffron-faced natives moving about their various duties.

Lamps appeared to be an unknown quantity among these people, if one might judge from the almost absolute darkness that seemed to hover about the place; and yet it might be that the lateness of the hour had something to do with this gloomy state of affairs, and that earlier in the evening they would have discovered considerable of illumination in the camp.

The mate gave the orders for lowering the sail, and this was done with decency and dispatch, not a creak nor a flutter attending the dropping of the mat; for long before the mast had been well greased, so that everything worked as oiled machinery always does, with silent precision.

Nature stood at their back, for the breeze was in such a quarter that it would propel them slowly yet surely along the shore in the direction of the spot whence it was their desire to land; and at the same time when the occasion demanded a hasty flitting, this same wind would continue to befriend them by wafting them straight along, heading for the open sea.

Small things of this sort unite to influence one way or the other; and in this case the boys found such satisfaction in the thought that circumstances were in their favor that they became very confident of success, and shut their teeth in a suggestive way.

The word "fail" is not generally found in

Once he saw these zigzag flashes.

landmarks which were his guidance.

The boys prepared to lower the sail at a word.

They had, earlier in the evening, at the suggestion of the crafty mate, made some changes in their apparel, and so far as the assortment of things left on board the junk at the hasty flight of the crew allowed, transformed themselves into Chinamen; in which little business the crafty Kwang rendered not a small amount of assistance, he entering into the spirit of the game with considerable gusto.

This was done so that under ordinary conditions they might pass for members of the buccaneer trust, though, of course, a close inspection might reveal discrepancies in their looks that would betray their lack of Chino blood.

Bob looked on it as a picnic, and was forever executing what he called a "skirt-dance" upon the dark deck, which lost none of its vigor because carried out in utter silence; but now even this hilarious individual became subdued, for he had the power of crushing his exuberant spirits to the earth when the necessities of the case demanded such radical treatment, though always with the reservation that he would make up for lost time when the coast was clear.

"See yonder," whispered the mate, pointing his hand; and more through intuition than because they followed his movement the others looking discovered what he thus called their attention to.

A light shone upon a hilltop, where, as they understood, the lookout of the pirates was stationed—no longer did it appear like a star, for they had now reached a point within half a mile of the place, and it was easy to make out that this glow came from a fire, maintained perpetually as a means of signalling to boats far out at sea.

The village lay below.

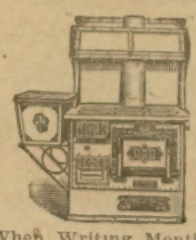
the vocabulary of most boys, whom countless difficulties do not daunt, and who, baffled in one quarter, turn to another for a means toward success—that is why so many wonderful things have been accomplished by young intellects during the past century.

Crouching there, almost holding their breath with eagerness and anxiety, the young people watched the dark panorama of that shore unfold before them, and waited for Merriwether to give the pantomime signal that would cause the junk to be anchored; for it was intended to drift past the village and come to a stop beyond; all of them understood the policy of such a move, for their flight would be the more easily taken up from such quarters, and in doing so they would not be compelled to sail squarely in front of the pirate lair, when perhaps the inmates were swarming about like a mass of aroused hornets after an urchin has punched their nest with a pole.

Now they could see a few dim lights here and there, which the mate whispered were expiring fires over which the supper had evidently been cooked; and sounds came to their ears, also, the barking of dogs predominating, for, of course, a goodly number of curs were maintained in the village, perhaps to be used as dainties in the food line when a feast was in order, or famine threatened.

Julian did not fancy these creatures a bit, and wondered if they might not be the undoing of the whole expedition—their instinct would lead them to understand what deception was lying under the assumed Chino garments, and if they could not move without a pack of these mangy creatures barking and snarling at their heels the cat would soon be out of the bag.

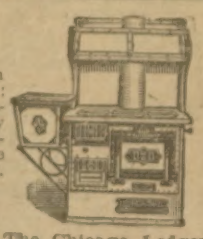
Still, he felt that Merriwether, who seemed to provide against everything, would not neglect to lay up some plan looking to



ON CREDIT

Elegant Century Steel Ranges with large reservoirs from $15.00 to $22.90; retails for three times our prices; cash or easy monthly payments. We trust honest people living in all parts of the world. We are the only manufacturers who sell direct to consumers; other advertisers are only dealers. We let you use the steel range while you are paying for it which speaks for the quality. Write for free catalogue. Address

CENTURY MANUFACTURING CO.,
Dept. 130, EAST ST. LOUIS, Ill.



When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

LUCKY "7" PUZZLE

$1000 TO OUR LUCKY READERS FREE!

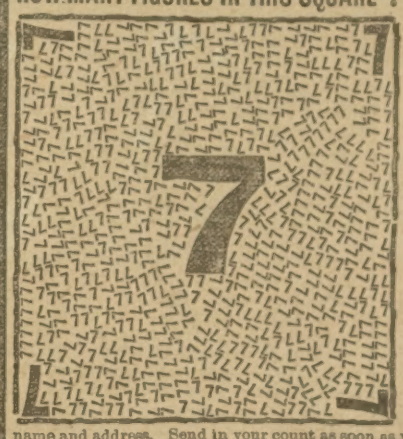
In the square below are a lot of figure 7s. They are all jumbled up and mixed together so that they are hard to count. The idea of the puzzle is to count the number of figures in the square. Every reader of this paper has a chance to win a prize. We know that very few persons will count the exact number, but we not only give prizes to the person who counts correctly but also to 1244 other persons who come nearest to the correct number. With this number of chances every person who answers this offer has a chance to get a prize. The person who counts the exact number of figures in the square gets $200, the person who comes the nearest gets $100, the next $50, the next $20, the next $10, and the next 1240 persons in the contest get presents, the average value of these presents is 50 cents each.

In case two or more persons are tied for one prize then the prize is equally divided. There is no guess work in this puzzle. It is simply a test of your ability to count figures correctly. Every figure is shown plainly but the figures are mixed up so that it takes a lot of patience and care in order to count them correctly. This contest closes Thursday evening, December 31st, at 5 p. m., and no answers sent after that time will be counted.

The publishers of WOMAN'S WORLD have a paid capital of $1,000,000. We own our own paper mill, printing plant, and twelve-story office building. We always do exactly as we agree, and in dealing with us you are dealing with one of the largest and oldest publishing houses in Chicago.

The Lucky "7" puzzle is to advertise the WOMAN'S WORLD which already has a circulation of over 800,000 copies each month. The subscription price is only 25 cents a year. The magazine is printed on book paper, profusely illustrated in colors. It has a lot of information and

HOW MANY FIGURES IN THIS SQUARE ?



departments, dramatic news, household hints puzzles, fashions, young folks' departments and splendid stories by prominent writers. We want to reach the million mark as soon as possible, and the low subscription price of 25 cents a year is an inducement that makes it possible for everyone to subscribe and get the best monthly in the world for the price.

Every one entering this contest must send in 25 cents for a year's subscription, which entitles you to register one count in the contest. Or if you send 50 cents you will get four year's subscription to the WOMAN'S WORLD and be entitled to four counts. If you are already a subscriber you may enter the contest just the same, and your new subscription will be added to your present subscription. You can also get your friends to subscribe and increase your number of chances to win prizes.

By next nearest we mean the next nearest above or below the correct number. In case one person should send in a count of one more than actually correct and another sent in a count of one less than actually correct they would tie for the prize of next nearest, and so on with the next nearest. A tie for the prize means the prize will be divided equally among those who are tied for the prize.

The counts must be filled in on the blanks below. Write your count plainly, also your name and address. Send in your count as soon as you have made it. You may send in as many as you pay for according to the offer.

CONDITIONS.—Each person must count the number of 7s in this square and fill in the count in the proper space. For example, you will fill in "1st count 726," and if you send in four counts fill in the other spaces in the blank. No person employed by the WOMAN'S WORLD, or any resident of the city of Chicago is allowed to compete for the prizes. No one knows the number of 7s in the square. The count will not be made until after the first of January, 1904, when the figures will be counted by a committee and the correct answer will be given. Then all the counts sent in by subscribers will be compared and the prizes awarded. The paper and receipt will be sent as soon as possible. Remember that it takes some time to properly enter subscriptions, and to take care of the large mail we receive daily, so if you do not hear from us at once do not be alarmed. No counts will be changed after they are received by us. Remit by Post-office or Express order, or registered letter. Counts must be in our office before 5 p. m., December 31st, 1903. If you send 25 cents write your count in the first space. If you send 50 cents write a count in each of the four spaces. Twenty-five cents entitles you to one year's subscription and one count; 50 cents entitles you to four years' subscription and four counts. If you are already a subscriber your subscription will be extended. The subscription blank is made so that you can answer either for one or four counts. Cross out the word "four" if you send one count, or cross out the word "one" if you send four counts. Extra blanks will be furnished free upon request. Remember we are a responsible concern and that the prizes will be faithfully awarded; also remember there is no guess work about the matter. It is simply a test of patience and correctness.

HERE ARE THE PRIZES:

Each person answering this contest must fill in the blank below and state the number of figures in the square.

1 Prize for correct answer	$200
1 Prize for nearest correct answer	100
1 Prize next nearest	50
1 Prize next nearest	20
1 Prize next nearest	10
1240 Prizes of presents average value each 50 cts.	620
1245 Prizes amounting to	$1000

In case two or more persons send the same count and are entitled to a prize then the amount of the prize is divided equally.

Fill Out This Subscription and Count Blank.

WOMAN'S WORLD, Boyce Building, Chicago:

Enclosed find 25 cents / 50 cents for one / four year's subscription to WOMAN'S WORLD, which entitles me to one count / four counts in your Lucky "7" Puzzle contest. I register my one count / four counts in the blank below. Yours truly,

Name.....

Street, P. O., or Rural Route.....

Town.....

State.....

1st Count.	2nd Count.	3rd Count.	4th Count.

NOTE.—Simply write in your count in figures.

Address WOMAN'S WORLD, Boyce Bldg., Chicago.

To Ledger Readers.

Thousands of persons seeing The CHICAGO LEDGER are anxious to receive it regularly and we are making a very liberal offer. The annual subscription to the Weekly CHICAGO LEDGER is $1.00, and everyone who sends in $1.00 within the next 30 days for a year's subscription will receive FREE a KING CAMERA with Complete Outfit for developing and printing pictures, including Silver Paper, Trays, Plates and all necessary Chemicals. We send the CAMERA FREE and prepay charges on it.

Remember you get The LEDGER for a year for $1.00. This is 52 weeks. THE CAMERA IS FREE. This is a magnificent offer, allowing you to get all the fine Continued Stories. The offer is good for 30 days from date of this paper.

The CHICAGO LEDGER is distinctly in the line of Progress. As a purveyor of Romance and Entertaining Literature it has no superior. No other American Story Paper illustrates its matter so profusely or with such care; no other periodical devoted to fiction and humor goes to the expense of using color work generally in its pages, as is done in THE LEDGER. Improvement is manifest in the quality of the stories published, and this improvement will continue. The new form of the LEDGER, sixteen pages instead of eight, makes it convenient to preserve the fascinating novels which appear in its pages, both for yourself and your friends. By sending us $1.00 you get the LEDGER for one year and the KING CAMERA, which is a first-class CAMERA IN ALL RESPECTS. It takes pictures 2 inches by 2 inches in size and is complete and ready for use. Embrace this splendid opportunity at once while the offer is open. Address,

CHICAGO LEDGER, BOYCE BUILDING, CHICAGO

NEW LIFE TO MEN.

The Long Sought "Elixir of Life" Discovered by German and English Physicians, Not Only Prolongs Life, but Gives Man the Vigor and Vitality of a Bull.

Sample Sent Free to Any Man who will Write for It

After years of research, eminent physicians have at last discovered a remedy which is indorsed by the leading members of the medical profession as permanent in its effect.

The principal ingredient is an animal extract taken from healthy young bulls. It is scientifically prepared by the best chemists in the world. The reputation of the institution is such that all physicians know when they stand sponsor for a remedy, that remedy must be exactly as represented. And when upon their reputation they make the statement that Vitality Pills will cure all cases of lost manhood, spermatorrhoea, varicocele and weakness of any nature of the nerve or sexual

organs, a cure must be positive and permanent. This company will send every person who is lacking in vitality of the nerves or sexual organs a sample treatment absolutely free. There is but one test for a genuine medicine, and that is the results which are obtained by its use; if it cures the disease for which it is prepared, it is a true remedy. This is the test by which the Missouri Drug Company wish their sample free treatment to be tried. After using Vitality Pills for a short time a man will find new vigor in his organs, new force in his muscles, new blood in his veins, new ambition; a new man in vitality, health and appearance. Vitality Pills have a peculiarly grateful effect and the patient feels the benefit after its first day's use. It goes direct to the seat of the trouble, no matter of how long standing, giving strength and development where it is needed. This marvelous remedy banishes all feeling of bashfulness toward the opposite sex, cures all the ills and troubles that come from early abuse, excess of overwork and business cares, all of which result in premature loss of strength and memory, emissions, impotence and varicocele. Vitality Pills will effect a cure at any age; there is no case that it will not cure permanently, except where epilepsy or insanity has already set in. The Missouri Drug Co. makes no restrictions; every person who writes will be sent a sample treatment, absolutely free and postpaid, carefully wrapped in a plain package with no advertising on it to indicate what it contains. They have received many letters from people all over the country, telling of the most astonishing cures made by Vitality Pills. Their one week free offer is genuine and no embarrassing questions asked. Write today to the Missouri Drug Co., 499 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., and receive the sample treatment free; their book which is also free and sent with the free treatment, will explain how to take the treatment in private and cure yourself at home.

CARDS & DICE Perfect Work. Catalog FREE. J. RNAUTH & Co., Eau Claire, Wis.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

J.P. Those suffering from weaknesses which sap the pleasures of life should take Juven Pills. One box will tell a story of marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever been offered. Sent by mail in plain package only on receipt of this advertisement and $1.

Made by its originators C. I. Hood Co., props. Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BLOOD POISON

Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Blood Poison Permanently Cured. You can be treated at home under same guaranty. Capital $500,000. We solicit the most obstinate cases. We have cured the worst cases in 15 to 35 days. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash and still have aches and pains, Mucus Patches in Mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, write for proofs of cures.

Cook Remedy Co.

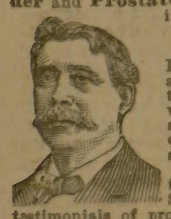
1730 MASONIC TEMPLE, Chicago, Ill. 100-page Book Free.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Stricture

Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Lost Manhood, Bladder and Prostate Troubles and general debility of men positively cured by

SKEEN'S PAINLESS STRICTURE CURE.



It eradicates every trace of these ailments, in the shortest possible time, and makes you as sound as when a boy. Thousands of men are strictured, more or less, but do not know it. Remove the stricture and you will get well. It will pay you to investigate this greatest and best of all cures. Send for our free booklet and testimonials of prominent men and write them. All correspondence confidential.

$1. To convince you that our remedy is an absolute and positive cure, we will mail you, prepaid, one month's treatment, on receipt of $1.00 to cover the expense. **Gonorrhœa cured in Five Days.**

D. A. SKEEN CO., 127 Bell Block, CINCINNATI OHIO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

the outwitting of these same hoodoos.

There lay the scene of his father's long captivity—on and around this bay had he labored under the cruel lash these seven years that must have seemed like an eternity to the parent and husband, sustained only by the hope, ever cherished, that some day Heaven meant to give him liberty again when he could speed across the seas to those dearly beloved in the family group, to whom he must have long seemed as one dead.

In that moment Julian was repaid many times over for all that he had suffered and done since embarking upon what, to many, must have appeared a most Quixotic errand; but if gratification came thus early, what would his feelings be should a kindly fortune allow him to bear away to safety that parent who had never entirely lost his faith in the all-wise Providence that rules everything on earth?

Now that they no longer carried a sail to catch the wind, their progress was slow, though enough of the junk's high stern was out of water to serve as a propelling force.

Merriwether stood by the rudder, and though his sweeps managed to send the boat just about where he most wanted her to go, there was something ghostly about the manner of their crossing the bay, something that must have stirred the curiosity and fears of any accidental observers; but the darkness of the night swathed them as in folds of gloom, and keen though the eyes on the look-out might be they could not pierce that blanket.

Perhaps half an hour elapsed since they had first came out from the crooked channel, but it seemed longer than that to the anxious lads, whose nerves were wrought up to a high pitch by the suspense.

They saw that while the mate had kept off shore for a time, so as to avoid any accidental contact with anchored junk or proa, he now began to edge in little by little, making for the particular spot which in his mind was peculiarly adapted for their purpose, and where the resurrected Half-Moon might lie snugly while they were ashore upon their errand of mercy.

Merriwether was in dead earnest concerning the rescue, for his heart had long gone out to Captain Roxbury as his dearest friend on earth, and he stood ready to give up life itself, if need be, in the effort to bring freedom to that noble Christian man.

On numerous occasions he had been sorely tempted to take his own life, such had been the dark despair overwhelming his soul, but the influence of his fellow exile had held his hasty arm, and he felt that he owed that existence again and again to the dauntless skipper, whose spirit these fiends could never wholly crush.

Now they could make out some of the characteristics of the land they were gradually approaching, and every moment Julian expected to hear the mate's whisper that it was time to get the anchor down.

Preparations had been made looking to accomplishing even this usually noisy task in silence, for if it could be avoided the mate did not wish to attract any attention to the fact of their arrival, fearing lest some meddlesome individual, of whom there are always a number about every village, might take it upon himself to sally forth in a boat, with the idea of learning all about the new arrival, so that in lieu of a morning paper fresh from the press, he could personally circulate the news through the community.

Merriwether meant to hold a monopoly of that news himself, and release it to the public only after he and his friends had sailed hence.

The two sailor lads bent over the anchor, which simply hung from the bow of the junk, having been catted and not stowed aboard; and when the sound of a slight whistle, that might easily have been mistaken for the call of a water fowl, reached their ears, they immediately began to lower away, bracing themselves against a stanchion in order that they might not be pulled overboard.

So the mud-hook was once more wedded to the bottom of the bay, where it had doubtless found lodgment on many a former occasion when the same Half-Moon came back from some successful search after loot.

It had been the duty of Kwang Chow to hang over the sampan trailing behind, and prevent any bumping between the boats, such as might prove injurious to the lighter vessel, and at the same time develop sounds of a nature to arouse curiosity ashore.

When the boat had swung around to her cable, Merriwether saw that all was in readiness for instantaneous flight, should circumstances compel them to arrive under hot pressure, for at such times seconds count for much, and an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

There was no need of hurry, for it would serve their purpose better if the hour that witnessed their entry into the settlement chanced to be after midnight, when the inhabitants were more apt to be sound asleep; and besides, the mate was not a man to neglect the slightest detail because of his eagerness to get down to work.

Again Kwang was to be left in charge, though Tressie was made the absolute captain, it being thought best to invest her with this authority, as the man with the queue could hardly be depended upon in an acute crisis.

A code of signals was arranged, whereby those on shore could communicate with the junk in case of necessity; and thus fortified the three adventurers prepared to take to the small boat.

All were armed as best the occasion allowed, though it was to be hoped no occasion would arise calling for a display of weapons, since their number was so distressingly small as to make successful resistance, should the pirates fall upon them in force, a measure of uncertainty. Rather, they hoped to win out through strategy, aided by the fact that their presence in the neighborhood was, of course, utterly unknown to the buccaneers.

Julian had succeeded in corraling his fears and placing them under guard, lest they betray him at a critical time when most of all he needed a clear head and steady nerves. He aroused the admiration and respect of the mate by his steadiness, and Merriwether was positive that the excellent qualities which he had learned to love in the Captain had fallen by inheritance to the son.

Gently they urged the sampan toward the dim shore close by, the ex-prisoner serving as pilot, for he knew to a dot just where he intended to land, and how their chances would be doubled by a discriminate use of the paddle.

And when the bow gently came in contact with the land, Julian again felt that queer sense of exaltation within him, for he knew the fateful hour was at hand.

Another installment of this interesting story of adventure in the far East will appear in next week's Ledger. Each subscriber, as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen, is entitled to our free cameras and patterns.

Links of Love and Gold.

(Continued from page eleven.)

"That man came to Australia a number of years ago, bringing with him a young and beautiful wife. He had married her, expecting to get by her a large fortune, and he may have loved her a little; but he missed his fortune, how it does not matter, and in a few years tired of his loving wife.

"One night an old man stopped at his sheep ranch, and inclement weather kept him there for a week. In that time the host learned who the guest was—that he was an American who had come to Australia twenty years before, and had amassed an enormous fortune, which fortune he intended leaving to a niece, his brother's daughter, whom he had never seen, and whom he wrote to but once a year.

"Shortly after the visitor left the farm to return to town, the man whose likeness you hold in your hand, suddenly disappeared. He started out one morning to ride over the hills, and never returned.

"People said he was killed by Bushrangers, and a body, as I told you, with his clothes on, was found and buried, but in a state of decomposition that rendered it unrecognizable.

"But he was not dead; on the contrary he was alive and well, and plotting a most atrocious scheme. That scheme was for me to dress up in his clothing some dead body and allow him to be supposedly killed; then he was to desert his wife and children and leave the country.

"Knowing the vile character of the man, and really then loving his beautiful wife, I consented. Well, he went to the town, sought out the old American who had once been his guest, told a pitiable story and was taken into his employ.

"Some of this is surmise, but I found out through detectives I employed, that he was taken into the service of the old American, and went with him to China, where the old gentleman had large properties.

"Six months after he returned to Australia to settle up his employer's estate, for the American had died suddenly in China. It is my impression that he was poisoned. In his will he left this man fifty thousand pounds in gold, and the balance of his vast wealth to his niece in America, to go to her upon her twenty-first birthday; and by the will, of which I obtained a copy, the niece was not to know of her good fortune until she reached a specified age, nor was her family to know; if she died before that age, the estate was to go to some charitable institution in the United States.

"Now, this man after receiving his portion, sailed for America, and connected himself with a business firm there, and is now a rich merchant.

"Thus far I have told you facts; shall I go on and tell you what I surmise, from all you have told me of yourself?"

"Yes; go on."

"Well, you told me your wife's name was Melville?"

"Yes; Maud Melville was her maiden name."

"The old American's name was Melville, and his niece was Maud Melville."

"Can this be true?" exclaimed Calvert Forrester, in utter amazement.

"Yes; it is true. Your wife is the heiress of millions, and the reason you were sent to Australia was to get rid of you—to kill you off, that Gerald Grey might marry your widow."

"Great heavens! Can man be so base?"

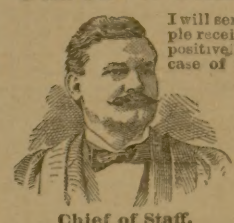
Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhea, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me none month. It is a simple harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it Free to every suffering sister who writes to me. I have nothing to sell. This is a case of woman helping woman. I send it Free. Address Mrs. A. Hudnut-South Bend, Ind.

Fiendish Thought.

"What is the best powder for babies?" "Gunpowder," absently replied the druggist, who had been up all night with his own.

Cures Weak Men Free



Chief of Staff.

I will send FREE to any man a simple receipt for self-treatment which positively will promptly cure any case of vital weakness, lost vigor, nervous debility, varicocele—whether the result of excesses, dissipation or natural development. It cannot fail. I speak from experience. I was a physical wreck, and it cured me quickly, giving me buoyant freshness and sturdy vitality and vigor with the ambition that raised me from a hardworking shoemaker to a profitable profession. I cured myself, so can any and every weak man. My case was chronic, desperate, but this receipt brought me new life almost instantly. God alone knows how I suffered with weakness and humiliation, and in memory of this suffering I extend the helping hand to my fellow men. Simply send your name and address and I will send the receipt in a plainly sealed envelope and you cure yourself at home, to be a man among men. Delays are dangerous when health, happiness and even life itself are at stake. Write today. Address NORTHWESTERN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 224 Lincoln Bldg., DETROIT, MICH.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

I Cure Women

OF FEMALE DISEASES AND PILES

I Will Cure You So That You Will Stay Cured—Women No Longer Need Submit to Embarassing Examinations and Big Doctor Bills.

To Show Good Faith and to Prove to You That I Can Cure You I Will Send Free a Package of My Remedy to Every Sufferer.

I hold the secret of a discovery which has never failed to cure women of piles or female weakness. Falling of the womb, painful menstrual periods, leucorrhea, granulation, ulceration, etc., are very readily cured by my treatment.

I now offer this priceless secret to the women of America, knowing that it will always effect a cure, no matter how long you have suffered or how many doctors have failed.

I do not ask any sufferer to take my unsupported word for this, although it is true as gospel. If you will send me your name and address, I will send you a trial package absolutely free, which will show you that you can be cured. The free trial packages alone often are enough to cure.

Just sit down and write me for it today.

Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box No. 25 Kokomo, Ind.

RODS The latest improved; sold under guarantee. Used for locating mines, lost treasures, etc. Cir, two cents. Address: L. A. LOWRY, P.O. Box 1501-09, DENVER, Colo.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

OPIUM TRIAL TREATMENT FREE. A painless home cure for Morphine, Opium, Cocaine. Nervous and physical system fully restored. Confidential. Write today. ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, Suite 826, 48 Van Buren St., Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MENDING TISSUE

The WONDER of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents; 3 packages, 25 cents. Address Penn Publishing Co., Parnassus, Pa.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

A POSITIVE CURE

FOR MEN ONLY WITHOUT MEDICINE

Allan's Soluble Medicated Bougies

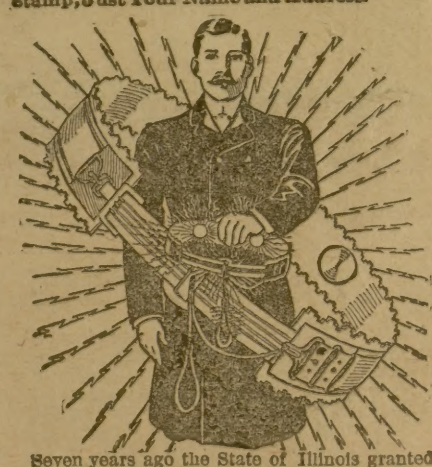
Will Cure the Most Obstinate Cases. No Nauseous Doses. Price $1.50. Sold by Druggists. Send for Circular. Address J. C. ALLAN CO., P. O. BOX 2996, - NEW YORK

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

An Electric Belt Free

Send Your Application At Once To The Physician's Institute.

They Will Send You Absolutely Free One of Their 100 Guage Supreme Electric Belts, the Belt Which Has Made so Many Wonderful Cures—You Needn't Send Even a Postage Stamp, Just Your Name and Address.



Seven years ago the State of Illinois granted to the Physicians' Institute of Chicago a charter.

There was need of something above the ordinary method of treatment for chronic diseases, something more than any one specialist or any number of specialists acting independently could do, so the State itself, under the powers granted it by its general laws, gave the power to the Physicians' Institute to furnish to the sick such help as would make them well and strong.

Ever since its establishment this Institute has endeavored in every possible way to carry out the original purposes of its establishment under the beneficient laws of the State.

Three years ago, the Physicians' Institute, realizing the value of electricity in the treatment of certain phases of disease, created under the superintendence of its staff of specialists an electric belt, and this belt has been proved to be of great value as a curative agent. From time to time it has been improved until it reached that stage of perfection which warranted its present name of "Supreme."

This belt is the most effective of all agents in the cure of rheumatism, lumbago, lame back, nervous exhaustion, weakened or lost vital functions, varicocele, kidney disorders and many other complaints.

This "Supreme Electric Belt" is made in one grade only—100 guage—there is no better electric belt made and no better belt can be made. Whenever in the opinion of our staff of specialists the wonderful curative and revitalizing forces of electricity will cure you we send you, free of all cost, one of these Supreme Electric Belts. It is not sent on trial, it is yours to keep forever without the payment of one cent. This generous offer may be withdrawn at any time, so you should write to-day for this free "Supreme Electric Belt" to the Physicians' Institute at 200 Unity Building, Chicago, Ills.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

"I believe it; but now we are on the spot we will find out all the villainy, and——"

"And what?"

"If he does not die a natural death in the next two weeks, I will see that he does not live after that time."

"Would you kill him, Raymond?" asked Calvert, in horror.

"Why not? Mrs. Grey believes herself a widow now, and I am anxious that she shall never know to the contrary, and for that reason will send her West to some out-of-the-way place where the papers will not reach her. As soon as he is dead, I will marry her."

"With her husband's blood on your soul?"

"It won't trouble me; but we will not discuss that now. Come, let us take a stroll; with your beard grown out, and believed to be dead, Gerald Grey himself won't recognize you."

A few moments after the two friends were strolling slowly up Broadway, the minds of each full of painful thoughts. Especially did Calvert Forrester suffer, for he had heard that which nearly crushed him. He was in New York again, and in the direst suspense. Where was Maud and would he find her still his Maud, or the supposed wife of Gerald Grey?

This thought was maddening to him, and he longed to know at once the truth; but he had put himself under the direction of that keen detective, Rodney Raymond, and he must bide his time.

Another installment of this most masterly and fascinating story will be offered Ledger readers next week. Whoever subscribes regularly for the Ledger is entitled to our free cameras and patterns as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

No Kick Coming.

"Was your crop good, my boy?"

"Well, sir, I couldn't raise no vegetables, but I got a whole canful of fishin' worms."

Not the Cheerful One.

"Then he didn't really give according to his means?"

"No; merely according to his meanness."

Beautiful Patterns Free---An Unparalleled Offer.

The patterns shown below are furnished us by one of the best, if not the best, pattern manufacturers in New York. They comprise the very latest styles, and are unequalled for accuracy in fit, simplicity in use, and are most economical of material. They sell from the stores from twenty-five to fifty cents each. Full instructions are printed on every pattern. Three months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 25 cents and any TWO of these patterns FREE. Six months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 50 cents and FIVE of these patterns FREE. This offer is without equal. If you are wise you will take advantage of it at once.

REMEMBER, to avoid mistakes, you must first give the number of the Pattern wanted---second, do not fail to give bust measure for waist, or waist measure if skirt is desired. Unless you do as here stated we will not know what to send you. Also, do not fail to enclose money. PATTERN DEPT., CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.

4491 WOMANS BERTHA 32-36-40 BUST.
4486 MORNING JACKET 32-40 BUST.
4497 THREE QUARTER COAT 32-40 BUST.
4489 BOX PLAITED WALKING SKIRT 22-30 WAIST.
4498 WOMANS WAIST 32-40 BUST
4479 GIRL'S COSTUME 8-14 YRS.
4488 BLOUSE WAIST 32-40 BUST.
4485 MISSES SEVEN GORED TUCKED SKIRT 12-16 YRS.
4492 GIRLS COSTUME 8-14 YRS.
4480 BLOUSE WAIST 32-40 BUST
4493 FIVE GORED SKIRT 22-32 WAIST.
4499 GIRLS COSTUME 8-12 YRS.

$1.00 PACKAGE FREE. $1.00 PACKAGE FREE.

MANHOOD RESTORED "CUPIDENE"

This great Vegetable Vitalizer, the prescription of a famous French physician, will quickly cure you of all nervous or diseases of the generative organs, such as **Lost Manhood, Insomnia, Pains in the Back, Seminal Emissions, Nervous Debility, Pimples, Unfitness to marry, Exhausting Drains, Varicocele, and Constipation.** It stops all losses by day or night. Prematurity, which if not checked leads to Spermatorrhœa and all the horrors of impotency. **CUPIDENE** cleanses the liver, the kidneys. **CUPIDENE** strengthens and restores. The reason sufferers are not cured by doctors is because ninety per cent. are troubled with **Prostatitis. CUPIDENE** is the only known remedy to cure without an operation. 5,000 testimonials. A written guarantee given and money returned if six boxes do not effect a permanent cure. **$1.00** a box; six for **$5.00** by mail. To prove to you that Cupidene will cure we will send, absolutely free, no trick, no fake. We send $1.00 package free. You need buy nothing. Just send your name and address and get free a full size $1.00 package, free. Address

DAVOL MEDICINE CO., 41 State Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

I TELL YOUR FUTURE in Love, Business & Marriage, with Photo of Future Husband or Wife and Illustrated Life's Chart for Ills and birth date. PROF. RAY, Reading, Stan.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

ELECTRIC BELT SENT FREE

To all Men who Write to the Heidelberg Medical Institute, St. Paul.

Just send your name and address plainly written and they will send their great "Electro-Chemic Belt" without one cent of cost to you. It is yours for the asking. Not even necessary to send postage stamp.

GOOD AS ANY ELECTRIC BELT IN THE WORLD.

The Heidelberg Medical Institute, capitalized at $100,000, is the Largest and Richest Medical Institute in the Northwest and is giving away thousands of their Great Electro-Chemic Belts to prove and advertise their wonderful curing power. The Great "Electro-Chemic" Belt will restore you to health and happiness. 18,976 ailing men recently restored to vim, vigor and perfect manhood. It quickly cures **Rheumatism, Lumbago, Lame Back, Nervous Exhaustion, Varicocele, Failing Vitality, Kidney Troubles, Liver, Stomach and Sexual Diseases, General Weakness, Lost Nerve Force and many other ailments.** It is worth from $20 to $50 to any one. It is given away absolutely free by the master specialist to all those who need the one great curative agent, electricity.

"SUFFERED EIGHTEEN YEARS, CURED AT LAST."

CASE 1768. Eighteen years ago I first noticed symptoms of nervous trouble that afterwards caused me great misery and suffering. I had pains in my back, and spent many restless nights. I had no control of my faculties, so that I was always at a disadvantage in whatever I undertook. I have been using the Electro-Chemic treatment of the Heidelberg Medical Institute about six weeks and I consider myself cured once more, and to be well is worth all a man has. S. T. H.

REMEMBER The Belt is not sent on trial but is yours to keep forever without the payment of one cent. So write today for the Great Electro-Chemic Belt Free. Mention this paper. Address Department 43,

HEIDELBERG MEDICAL INSTITUTE
Fifth and Robert Sts., ST. PAUL, MINN.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MAGIC DIP NEEDLE LOCATING GOLD and Silver Ore, Lost or Hidden Treasures. Book and testimonials free. P. & M. AGENCY, PALMYRA, PA.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

500 SHAVES for 25c.

Without a razor, soap or water by using our famous depilatory stone which removes with ease the strongest beard by simply rubbing it over the face. The wonder of the age. **Convenient, Safe, Practical.** No preparation needed. Always ready for use. Can be carried in the vest pocket. **Will last for years.** Soap spoils the skin, sharp razors make ingrowing hairs, keeping the face blotched and sore. The Depilatory Stone prevents these evils. Try one and be convinced. Thousands of them sold every year. Sent postpaid, with full directions for 25 cents. *Agents wanted.* L. H. George & Co., Room 1, 86 Dearborn St., Chicago

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE

To introduce WOMAN'S WORLD in your home we make you a present appreciated by every lady. WOMAN'S WORLD has a circulation of 800,000 and is the best high-class illustrated magazine ever published at a popular price. Send only ten cents, our special rate for a six months' trial subscription, and we will send WOMAN'S WORLD for six months, and you will get **FREE** by return mail TEN beautiful designs and patterns—the **centerpiece, photo frame, 3 large doilies and napkin ring**—216 square inches of fine linen stamped with the latest designs as illustrated below; also the fine **Battenberg handkerchief, collar, tie-end,** etc., shown above—all different—all ready to work—216 square inches more—and all **ABSOLUTELY FREE—IN ALL 432 SQUARE INCHES.** Address:

WOMAN'S WORLD, Dept. 32, Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

30 COMPLETE NOVELS FREE!

These 30 complete novels are by some of the most celebrated authors in Europe and America. The stories offer one of the largest and most varied collections in America and will prove delightful reading to our friends who get them free. We mean just what we say, all we ask is that you send two yearly subscribers to Woman's World at 15 cents each and the **30 Novels will be sent to you by mail all postage prepaid.** We make you this enticing offer to get the American people interested in Woman's World which already has a circulation of over 800,000 copies. Still we want to have twice this circulation. We are a responsible concern with a capital of $1,000,000 and we do just as we agree. Send your club today and get the 30 complete novels. Address,

WOMAN'S WORLD, 34 Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill

HERE THEY ARE!

Guilty or Not Guilty, by Amanda M. Douglas.
An Old Man's Sacrifice, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.
Between Man and Wife, by Rebecca Harding Davis
The Ghost of Love Lee, by Mrs. Jane G. Austin.
A Bartered Life, by Marion Harland.
The Moorhouse Tragedy, by Mrs. Jane G. Austin.
The Doctor's Story, by Miss M. E. Braddon.
The Bottle Imp, by Robert Louis Stevenson.
The Phantom Rickshaw, by Rudyard Kipling.
Two Roses of Inverness, by M. T. Caldor.
A Solicitor's Story, by Hugh Conway.
My Fellow Laborer, by H. Rider Haggard.
My Sister Kate, by Charlotte M. Braeme.
Rose Lodge, by Mrs. Henry Wood.
A Brave Coward, by Robert Louis Stevenson.
Ethel's Lovers, by Etta W. Pierce.
In the Holidays, by Mary Cecil Hay.
Who Killed Zebedee? by Wilkie Collins.
The Linden Farm Bride, by Margaret Blount.
The Other Earring, by Mrs. Henry Wood.
A Low Marriage, by Miss Mulock.
The Case of George Candlemas, by George R. Sims.
The Name Cut on a Gate, by Mary Cecil Hay.
Lee, the Letter Man, by Mrs. Henry Wood.
The Blatchford Bequest, by Hugh Conway.
The Knightsbridge Mystery, by Charles Reade.
A Daring Exploit, by Mrs. Jane G. Austin.
Cliffe House, by Etta W. Pierce.
The Pearl-Diver's Prize, by M. T. Caldor.
In One Short Year, by Hugh Conway.

SPECIAL OFFER If you will simply raise a club of two yearly subscribers to Woman's World at our special offer of 15 cents each we will send you the 30 complete novels postpaid free. Address **Woman's World, Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.**

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger

BOYS WANTED TO SELL THE BLADE AND LEDGER.

We want a boy in every town to act as agent. We start you without asking a cent in advance. Fill out the blank below and we will send you a bundle of BLADES AND LEDGERS by mail, also report blanks, instructions, and certificate of agency. You report each week, paying only for papers you sell. You keep 2 cents out of every 5 cent sale and send us 3 cents. In this way you can earn a nice sum each week. No experience necessary. We send full instructions so you can begin at once. Tear out the coupon below and send it in.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Boyce Building, Chicago.

GENTLEMEN: I would like to be your agent, agree to pay you for all papers I sell, less my commission. I also agree to report every week. Please send me a bundle of papers, report blanks, etc *Yours truly,*

Name.....

Street..... *Town*.....

Date..... *State*.....

When Writing Mention the Chicago Ledger.

CUTICREOLE is guaranteed to cure pimples and blackheads. 2 mo.'s treatment 25c postpaid. Cuticreole Co., McCook, Neb.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MILLIONS made in Gold Mining. For information address Box 12, Colorado Springs, Colo.
When Writing Mention the Chicago Ledger.

FILL your own teeth with Dentaline. Stops pain and decay. Instructions free. Union Dental Co., Chicago
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

SWEET ANNIE. Over 150 other songs, words and music only 10c. A. WINKLEMAN CO., Clyde, Ill.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

I FORE TELL All LIFE'S Affairs in Love, Business, with PHOTO of Future Husband or Wife, Lock of same pin, all or 10c and birth date. PROF. D. YALE, X 2575, Boston, Mass
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MOTHERS Enuresine cures Bed-wetting. Sample free. Dr F. E. May. Box 212. - Bloomington, Ill.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

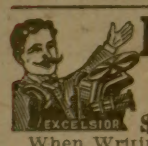
TELEGRAPHY. Circular free. Wonderful automatic teacher; 5 styles; $2 up. OMNIGRAPH CO., 23, 39 Cortland Street, New York
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

PATENTS PROTECT YOUR IDEAS. Consultation free. Fee dependent on success. Est. 1864. HILO B. STEVENS & CO., 809 14th St., WASHINGTON
When Writing Mention the Chicago Ledger.

WHISKEY. How to make genuine Old Whiskey for less than 25 cents a gallon. This recipe has raised many a poor man to fame and fortune. Particulars free. HUESTIS & CO., Dept. B, Jersey City, N. J.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

CURE Send 25 cents to the Utica Pile Remedy Co. and receive a box of their famous ointment. It is safe, sure and relieves quickly. YOUR One trial will convince you. Address Utica Pile Remedy Co., Utica, N. Y. PILES
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

WANTED Men to learn barber trade; $60.00 monthly paid graduates. Few weeks completes. Can earn nearly all expenses before graduating. Write nearest Branch for particulars. Moler System Barber College, New York City, Chicago, Ill., St. Louis, Mo., New Orleans, La., or Omaha, Neb
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.



I Print My Own Circulars Cards &c. $5 PRESS Saves money. Big profit printing for others. Large press for book, newspaper $18. Full instruction sent for use. Write for catalogue presses, type, &c., to factory. THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

JOLLY JOKER'S JOKES

New Jokes and stories; side-splitting, rib-tickling, button-bursting jokes and witticisms; funny pictures enough to make a horse laugh and break up school for weeks. Regular price of this book is 25c., but we give 'em away for 10 cents, stamps or silver.
Address E. M ROSE & CO., 561 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO, ILLS
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD — CENTRAL MISSISSIPPI VALLEY ROUTE

New Line. Fine Service.

Minneapolis and St. Paul

Fast "Limited" night train, with stateroom and open-section sleeping car, buffet-library car, and free reclining chair car through without change. Dining car service.

A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., CHICAGO.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

BIG SPEAKING DOLL AND HER AUTOMOBILE.

This New Doll Wonder is a big beauty 1 1-2 feet tall. She has a handsome bisque head, sleeping eyes, curly hair, pearly teeth, fancy lace trimmed dress, hat, shoes, stockings, etc., to match. A sweet and pretty doll baby that speaks, sleeps and cries, also calls for her papa and mamma as plainly as any living baby. A marvel of the age that children go wild over. Girls, write us at once, and we will mail you twenty useful Novelty Articles (no trash) to dispose of at 10 cents each. When sold, remit us the money, ($2) and we will without delay send you by mail, all postage prepaid, this lovely speaking and sleeping Doll, together with Dolly's Mechanical Motor Car or Automobile, as an extra present, in addition to the Doll premium. This Special Extra Present is a handsomely finished Mechanical Doll Motor Car or Automobile that is operated by a strong reversible spring motor, driving the car forwa d or backward with great speed, same as the ordinary road machine, making it one of the most interesting and pleasing mechanical toys of the age. Made entirely of metal and neatly painted in bright pretty colors. Order the twenty articles at once and be the first one in your town to receive a real imported speaking Doll baby and automobile as extra present.

Address plainly
IMPORT-CREDIT CO.,
212 IMPORT BUILDING,
BRIDGEWATER, CONN.

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

The Hedgehog's Opinion.

"When people come picnicking under my hedge,
They might leave some fragments for me,"
The hedgehog exclaimed as he looked in the pan,
Which was empty as empty could be.

"But there!" he went on in the crossest of tones
Ere he scuttled away to his lair.
"Ducks are terribly greedy, as every one knows;
They are regular pigs, I declare!"

The Last Straw.

The small boy, Jack, was discovered by an elderly friend in a street at the other end of the city from that in which he lives, relates the Youth's Companion. The tears had left their marks on his cheeks, and every now and then a sob still shook his little body; but he trudged sturdily on, without one backward look.

"Hello, Jackie! What's the matter?" asked the friend, as the small boy tried to brush past.

"I ain't a-going to tell you," he announced, ramming his small fists into his eyes.

"Certainly not," acquiesced the old gentleman, cheerfully. "Beautiful morning for a stroll, isn't it?"

Jack eyed him obstinately.

"I passed your house a little while ago, and it seemed to me I smelt gingersnaps cooking," observed the old man carelessly.

"I don't care!" said Jack, fiercely. "I'm running away."

"I don't blame you," said the man cordially. "I wouldn't stay in a house where they cooked gingersnaps right under a fellow's nose, either."

"'Tain't that!" snapped Jack. "It's 'cause—'cause mamma told papa this morning that her—sealskin coat was so worn out she'd never be able to wear it another—'nother winter," he explained, the tears starting afresh.

"Still," said the friend, good-naturedly, "one can live in a house where there isn't a sealskin coat."

"You don't understand," wailed Jack.

"Well, you tell me about it, Jackie," urged the man.

"I—I—I won't wear sealskin pants!" sobbed Jack, all his wrongs coming again before his mind's eye.

Chess in Chin.

The Chinese are passionately fond of all games of skill and chance and in particular of chess. The Chinese form of the game closely resembles the European method, but is usually played with flat wooden disks with their distinctive marks written upon them. Servants begin to play the moment the master's back is turned, and men and women, boys and girls, sent on errands will stop in the street and play.

The Riches of Contentment.

Let us learn to make the most of the enjoyments we have, and not worry about those we have not. We have friends and home and health and hope; let us enjoy them. We can, indeed, so educate our will power that it will focus our thoughts on the bright side of things, will lead us to see the good we have, until we shall attain such a spirit of happiness as will make us rich. The habit of making the best of things, of always looking on the bright side of things, is a fortune in itself. To make the least of our little lacks, and to make the most of our present enjoyments, will go far toward giving us the riches of contentment.

Hot Draft.

Mahoole—Ain't yez th' wan that towid me niver to dhrink wather widout boilin'?

Physician—Yes, sir.

Mahoole—Thin Oi hov a moind to murther ye. Oi dhrank boiled wather awn almost burned me mouth off.

Noah's New Role.

While teaching a class of girls in a school recently, the master asked the following question: "What was Noah supposed to be doing when the animals were going into the ark?" He received several answers. At last a little girl put up her hand.

"Well," he said, "what do you say?"

"Taking the tickets, sir."

What He'd Be Called.

The teacher was explaining to her pupils the use of the words senior and junior.

"Now if John Smith had a son John Smith they would call the son John Smith junior. The father would be John Smith, senior. Now, supposing John Smith, senior, had a grandson John Smith, can any one tell me what the grandson would be called?"

Promptly went up the hand of a boy on the front seat.

"Well, Eddie?" said the teacher.

"He'd be called John Smith, sophomore, ma'am."

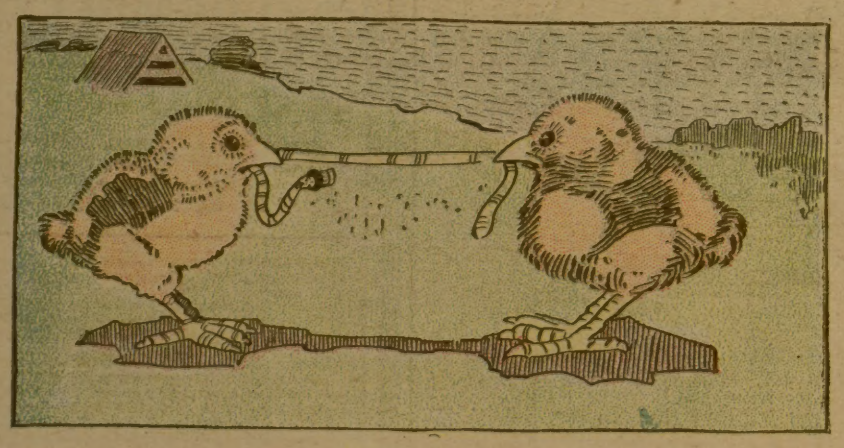
Cause for Happiness.

"Oh, look what a pretty kitten, mamma!" exclaimed small Harry.

"Yes," replied his mother, "and, just think, it never cries."

"Well, no wonder," rejoined the youngster. "It doesn't have its neck washed."

PLAINT OF THE WORM.



Willie Worm—Say, I'm proud of athletics myself, but the next time you fellows want to have a tug of war I wish you'd use a different kind of rope.

The Indian Dolls.

The Indian papa and mamma dolls,
With the little papoose at their side,
Belong to a little Ojibway girl,
And her name is Mari-gold-wild.

They are dressed, you must know, with beadwork fine,
Tobacco pouch, purse and necklace;
And Mari-gold-wild loves them nearly to death,
And keeps in the wigwam their place.

If Mari-gold-wild saw your dolly, so fine,
And her own, so dark and queer,
Do you think she would choose the flaxen-haired doll
Or the ones that to her are so dear?

Johnny on Ants.

My subjeck this month is ants. There is 2 kinds of ants, namely, insecks and lady unkels. They live in little hills of sand and with their married sisters. 2 stay with us. They krawl in the suggar-bole. This is all I know abouts ants. Johnny Green.

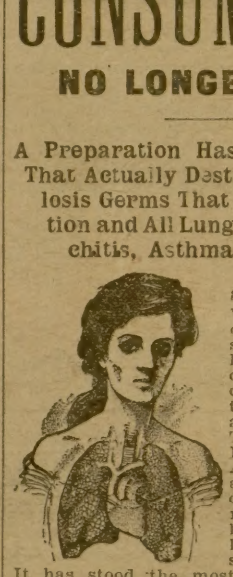
Diplomacy.

Teacher—Johnny, you've been fighting.

Johnny—Yes'm; Jimmie Brown said his teacher was prettier than you, an' I licked him till he took it back.

CONSUMPTION
NO LONGER FATAL.

A Preparation Has Been Discovered That Actually Destroys the Tuberculosis Germs That Cause Consumption and All Lung Troubles, Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrh.



Lung-Germine, the great germ destroyer, was discovered by an old German doctor-scientist and has cured hundreds of cases of consumption, bronchitis, asthma and catarrh in Germany and in this country. The German Medical Profession as well as American Physicians and Specialists, have declared Lung-Germine the only safe, reliable consumption and lung-trouble germ destroyer ever discovered. It has stood the most rigid tests by noted physicians and has given positive proof that it kills the Tuberculosis germs of consumption and destroys absolutely every symptom of this fatal disease. It has revolutionized the treatment of consumption and removed it from the list of deadly, fatal diseases and placed it among the curable. This is an honest remedy that will cure you, no matter how far the disease may be advanced or how aggravated, and a demonstration with Lung-Germine will prove its valuable qualities. If you have consumption or any of its symptoms **(coughing and hawking continually, spitting yellow and black matter, bleeding from the lungs, weak voice, flat chest, night sweats, flushed complexion, pain in chest, wasting away of flesh, etc.,)** we will send a full month's treatment by mail, postpaid, and also will send booklet and names of people, perhaps in your own town, who have been cured. **If it helps you, send us two dollars. If not send us nothing. Don't delay. Write to-day. This offer holds good only until January 1, 1904.**

Address
THE LUNG-GERMINE CO.,
44 Weber Block, Jackson, Mich.

MYSELF CURED I will gladly inform anyone addicted to COCAINE, MORPHINE, OPIUM OR LAUDANUM, of a never-failing harmless Home Cure. Address
MRS. B. MARY BALDWIN, P. O. Box 1212, Chicago, Ill
When Writing Mention the Chicago Ledger.

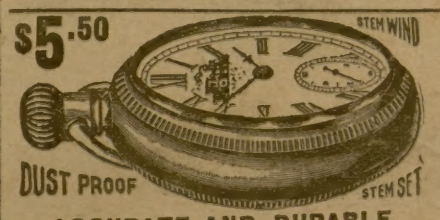
DREAMS AND THEIR MEANINGS.

Translated from the Greek Register over 400 years old.

Dreams that stick to you, that seem to be actually real. Such dreams are warnings, as for example: The dreams of Pharoah and David. This work will prove of great value to all, giving, as it does, the correct solution to hundreds of dreams.

A single copy of Dreams and Their Meanings will be sent postpaid upon receipt of 25c.
FLATBUSH PUB CO.,
P. O. Box 122.
Flatbush, N. Y.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

$5.50 STEM WIND



ACCURATE AND DURABLE.

Genuine American movement, plainly marked 17 Jeweled, Adjusted. Nickel. Quick-train. Red ruby Jewels, in raised gilded settings. Exact model of movement required by **Engineers and Railway employes.** This movement in our 4-ounce LUZON SILVER, open-face, DUST AND DAMP PROOF case, which will retain its color and WEAR A LIFE TIME, is the best value known for Railway Men, Mechanics, Laborers, Farmers, Boys, and those requiring a **strong and durable watch. CUT AD OUT.** Give Post-office and Express Office. We send C. O. D. with privilege of examination at SPECIAL PRICE, $5.50 and express charges, with GOLD-FILLED CHAIN included. Order at once (Allen & Co are reliable—ED.) Address, **ALLEN & CO.,** Wholesale Jewelers, 2 Manhattan Building, Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.